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Frederick Emerson Clarke



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*Frederick E. Clarke*



In Memoriam

FREDERICK EMERSON CLARKE.

...*A BRIEF BIOGRAPHY AND...*  
*VOLUNTARY TRIBUTES,*

PREPARED BY

HIS FELLOW CITIZENS AND LIFE ASSOCIATES.

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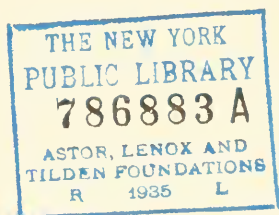
*"A man is explained by his completed life."*

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LAWRENCE, MASSACHUSETTS.

1900.

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TO HIS  
FRIENDS,  
WHEREVER THEY MAY BE FOUND,  
THIS  
MEMORIAL VOLUME  
IS  
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## Preface.

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To the friends of Mr. F. E. Clarke his death was an irreparable loss. Remembering his many noble qualities and the wide usefulness of the man, it is believed that this volume—a labor of love—will prove welcome to many whose affection for him is undying.

The compilers have sought, so far as was possible, to gather up published tributes, many of which were of superior worth and deserve permanent preservation. A few of the many valuable addresses made by Mr. Clarke are also included,—a feature which his admirers will welcome.

LAWRENCE, January, 1900.



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## Memoir.

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BY ROBERT H. TEWKSBURY.

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Frederick Emerson Clarke, the subject of this memorial volume, was, by his birth, his education and his life labor, distinctively a representative son of this New England Commonwealth, and was of English ancestry.

He was born in Watertown, Middlesex County, Mass., Dec. 13, 1834, and was the son of William E. Clarke and Sybil Ann Bridges. His father was an expert machinist. His early education was in the Boys' School of Master Marshall S. Rice of Newton Centre, Mass.

In 1847 the family removed to Lawrence, and established here one of the pioneer homes in this then new and undeveloped valley town, where the life work of the subject of this sketch was largely performed.

He entered one of the first classes of the Lawrence High School, graduating in 1852. After leaving school he served for nearly two years at the trade of a machinist in the old Machine Shop (now Everett Mills), to gain experience at mechanical labor together with a practical knowledge of machinery. This was afterwards of great advantage; it also enabled him to view life from the stand-

point of the workman, which was not forgotten when he came to direct the labor and to be responsible for the condition of large numbers of employees.

From 1854 for more than three years he was engaged at Pacific Mills as first assistant to the mechanical director, during the construction and starting of the immense mills, then the most important of their class in the country, and afterwards was in the office, in charge of pay rolls and cost figures. When he was leaving this position for a more important one, William C. Chapin, the agent and veteran manufacturer, who had watched his course, gave him the unsolicited tribute of the following letter, commending his faithful and intelligent service, and expressing the most cordial wishes for his success in more important fields of labor: —

PACIFIC MILLS, LAWRENCE, MASS., March 19, 1858.

MR. FREDERICK E. CLARKE.

MY DEAR SIR: — Your connection with this corporation, which has extended through several years of its history, is about to cease, from your own choice. I cannot do justice to my own feelings without addressing you a few lines at parting, and if in them should be found a few words of *advice*, you will bear with me, and not charge them to an undue estimation of personal superiority. Your relation to me has been too intimate to lead you to believe me inclined to flattery. It would surprise me the less if you had formed the opinion that I was not sufficiently given to encouraging those who were striving for an honorable position in society. A communication from

me after so long an association as principal and clerk may prove of some value to you hereafter; at any rate, it may be grateful to your feelings now, and at a later day, should your life be spared.

I think I have good reasons for the feelings of satisfaction with your deportment here that I am conscious I possess. I believe I have not once made complaint to you of neglect of duty, nor have I any recollection of any cause therefor. I have never regretted the confidence placed in you when the funds of the corporation have been in your care. I have entertained no fear that your influence over your associate clerks would be detrimental to them, — a point which I consider it my duty to carefully guard. That you have faults is without doubt, and this would be a favorable time for me to express to you what I have observed concerning them, — yet I have not a word to say. While I am pleased to have you prosper in this world, and rejoice in an opening that is more promising to you, I sincerely say that I regret your separation from us. I have cordially and warmly recommended you to your new employers as honest and competent, and shall therefore feel a deep interest in the position which you may gain with them.

Under God, it all rests with you, and with yourself is the making of your own character in your new field. Your strength to encounter the temptations common to man, through which so many fall, is not your own. I pray you remember this. In all your ways seek to please your Maker, and all will be well with you in the end.

It is natural that I should fear that I had in some way failed to do all for you that duty has prompted. Most earnestly would I desire to be forgiven, if this be true.

I shall not cease to feel a special interest in your happiness and welfare, and if at any future day you may be led to suppose that in any way I can serve you, do not hesitate to seek me.

May the blessing of the Lord whom you have covenanted to serve, the blessing which maketh rich and addeth no sorrow therewith, be ever yours, is the sincere prayer of

Your friend and employer,

WM. C. CHAPIN.

In 1858 Mr. Clarke became book-keeper and paymaster for the mills then operated by the Pemberton Manufacturing Company, and was serving in that capacity at the time of the great disaster which destroyed that establishment in an instant and made the name and the structure historic. The enterprising owners of the ill-fated building rapidly reconstructed upon the old site and foundations, and in June, 1861, first operated the new Pemberton Company's completed mills, making Mr. Clarke their agent and manager. He was but twenty-six years old when assuming that responsible place, and he held the position for thirty-seven years (until Jan. 1, 1898), having added to his charge the Methuen Manufacturing Company's mills and an establishment in Salem, Mass.

The supervision of three separate and important industrial works, yielding a variety of products, made his life an exceedingly busy one; but so methodical and efficient were his plans of work that he found time to acquire a general knowledge of current literature and of scientific progress and discovery seldom attained by men burdened

with business cares. He fully realized the value of complete mental equipment.

Few manufacturers have stood so fairly between wealthy employers and daily workers as did he, or have so fully secured the confidence and good-will of both. Very few citizens have so fully comprehended the need of the general public for religious, charitable and educational organizations and helps, or have been willing and able to so efficiently assist in founding and sustaining them. As an employer, he knew the needs, and righted, as best he could, the wrongs, of the employed; as a director and manager, he never forsook the standard of right in pursuit of gain, or won temporary success by sacrifice of principle. He could rapidly sift the unimportant and transitory from the vital and enduring in political and religious doctrines and movements.

The purity of his domestic life, his transparent honesty and notable industry in business, his loyalty to friends and to the right were the conspicuous traits in his rare character. Married Oct. 20, 1858, to Miss Harriet A. Porter of Lawrence, a descendant from the covenanters of old England, the model home was shadowed, in 1883, by the death of the only child, Ethel Reynolds Clarke, aged nineteen years, a young lady of rare promise and of a peculiarly sweet and loving disposition.

In Mr. Clarke a love of music and of the fine arts, a pleasing and inspiring presence and social habit, a pleasant wit that never wounded friends or critics, an appre-

ciation of humor and acknowledgment of merit wherever found, — all combined to suggest, when his fellow citizens were startled by the news of his sudden death, the oft-quoted couplet: —

He was a man, take him for all in all;  
I shall not look upon his like again.

Absorbed by no trivialities, tempted by no elusive schemes, guided by intelligence and sound judgment, ever controlled by principle and an abiding faith in God and in pure and undefiled religion, gathering inspiration from revelations in the Word, in nature, in history and from exemplary human models, his life developed along lines that were, in the best sense, manly, progressive and successful.

It was by no self-seeking of his, but because of his conspicuously apparent fitness to lead and control, that, at the time of his death, he was efficiently directing the affairs of important organizations as president of the Boston & Lowell Railroad, president of the Lawrence Savings Bank, president of the Lawrence Board of Trade, president of the New England Cotton Manufacturers' Association, president of the Lawrence City Mission, chairman of the Lawrence Park Commission, prominent in the Lawrence High School Alumni, a member of the Home Market Club, of the Textile Club, of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, of the local Monday Night Club, a Master Mason, and a trustee of the First Uni-



tarian Church. In none of these organizations was his position ornamental or simply honorary. The fact has not been known, but is nevertheless true, that Mr. Clarke was offered the appointment of agent of Pacific Mills at the time when important changes were made in the management, after Agent William C. Chapin had closed his notable and efficient service. Wherever he was, whether he led or served, he was active, forceful and true.

Because of these characteristics and endowments, so admirably combined and balanced in him, and by him directed in channels of usefulness and beneficence, his comrades and co-workers have prepared and issued this memorial volume, in which the story of his many-sided and useful life is told, not in conventional phrases, but in heart-felt tributes to the memory of one who had honor even in his own country and community and among his own kin.

Those who, on the threshold of an active career, seek a safe human model, will find much worthy of study and imitation in the methods of this faithful business man, patriot and Christian; and this record is submitted in the hope that it may be an inspiration and a guide to many, that it may illustrate the truth, spoken of old, that "The path of the just is as the shining light."

## Memorial Sermon.

---

BY REV. GEORGE H. YOUNG.

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[Preached in the First Unitarian Church of Lawrence, Nov. 12, 1899.]

With bated breath and hushed voices, neighbors, friends and the people generally have gone about our city in these last days, appalled at the sudden cutting off of him who was everybody's friend. Sitting in his place in this congregation last Sunday, going into the Sunday-school to continue that interesting teaching in which for several years he has rendered us most efficient service, we here can realize something of what this bereavement means. On Monday last he seemed to promise as much as any man in this community to reach old age. That evening he gathered in the friendly club, in which, for all its twenty-five years and more since its formation, he had been beloved. Before midnight he had crossed the bar.

To eulogize many men when they die causes criticism and protest, but of Frederick E. Clarke we can truly say none are so poor of soul but what his praise is in their hearts and on their lips. Men and women in all stations of life among us, — low and high, poor and rich,

heterodox or orthodox, of one political party or other,—all have said our foremost citizen has been taken, the beauty of Israel has fallen.

It is universally agreed that he has stood prominent in all that makes for nobility of character. He was always willing to serve. Years ago, to my acknowledgment of hesitancy at troubling him with personal matters in which he had been very kind in rendering me service, he responded: “My shoulders are broad, and they increase in that regard with all added service.” How characteristic that remark, we all know well. Could he render any kindness? No man more ready to give it,—not grudgingly, but willingly.

Faithful was he in every trust. Genial was he in every relation. Earnest was he in every fibre of his character. He loved fun and jollity, and among his intimates could convulse the circle with his wit and humor.

He was fond of books. He was better read than is the average business man,—better read than many professional men. It was always a wonder, when literary friends were discussing books, to see his readiness in criticism; and they were prone to ask how this busy man of affairs, this man who carried more on his shoulders than did almost any in the community, had found time to read and study as he had. He was a lover of art, and had perception of the beautiful wherever it was found. He had beautified his home with pictures of high worth, and it was always a delight to hear his intelligent criti-

cism. He was fond of music also. Yonder fine organ, so satisfactory in our public services, witnesses his generosity to us. Of course such a character loved the beautiful in nature; he delighted in it; it fed his soul.

He was an intelligent critic of affairs, kept perfectly posted regarding the life of the world, knew events understandingly. Had he occupied a position on a newspaper or magazine, he would have been a power in the higher life of the world,—and such a position he could have honorably filled. Had he been a preacher, his voice would have been potent for all higher ideals in character and for promulgating noblest thought regarding all that goes to make up exalted things,—and such a position he could have honorably filled. Had he been mayor of his city, or congressman, or governor of his state, he would have labored for that high grade of political service in which party is secondary and things that make for private virtue and public honor are held sacred and supreme,—and such a position he could have honorably filled.

It was characteristic of him, the terms in which he, acting as chairman of the board of trustees of this church, a place he so admirably filled, phrased the call to the pastorate of this church, more than eight years ago, “in the interest of quickening and prompting to high and energetic work in extending and upholding the faith of the church, thus not only leading to higher and nobler life, but making the church a power for righteousness in

this community;" and then four years later it was also with characteristic kindness he wrote of what had been done to "put us on our feet as a sincere and earnest church." In the same letter he wrote, "I have an earnest and abiding faith that we shall stand, and some day build a new church." Would that his faith could materialize, and that it could be a worthy memorial of him whose zeal, consecration and devotedness could well be celebrated by a church edifice which could have satisfied his æsthetic taste.

We can justly declare that nobody more than he was deeply desirous for the prosperity of the church of his love. He was the ideal parishioner: loyal to the Sunday service, sure to be in his pew unless out of the city, allowing no slight excuse to interfere with attendance; helpful in the Sunday-school, drawing around him a group of men attracted by his engaging personality. For many years in the olden time a member of the choir, he was always interested in the music of the church; while for the effort of the pulpit he had a kindly word out of deepest friendship.

Wherever else, in positions of useful service, his going will cut deeply, I am bound to say that, next to the home fireside, so awfully bereft, there was no other interest dearer to him than was that of the church he so generously supported by purse and by personal service; and, next to his empty home, we shall miss him here. He leaves to us the legacy of many years of con-

secerated, loving service, — a service which seems to-day to be tearful, pleading that others shall be raised up to carry the work he so splendidly carried. That wish would certainly be found near his heart. If that voice, always so cheery, could sound in our ears to-day, it would urge upon the men whom we count on our roll that each and all see to it that no harm come by his going; that indifference and sloth be put away; that Sunday service be better attended; that no effort lack, to use his own words, “to make this church a power in this community and city.”

His eulogy has been on many lips; his praise is in every heart. One not of his faith in religion, but of a very opposite faith, when challenged to name an ideal man, immediately suggested him, — a testimony against which there can be no protest in any mind of whatsoever church or party to-day. Every corner of his heart was pure, every secret place of his soul was clean, every nook of his mind was active in good things. Does such praise seem excessive? Yet who can contradict it or pick flaw in it? No cleaner man, no purer man, no more inspiring character, have I known. If we want to set up a goal for youthful ambition, we can point to his memory. If we desire to state who in all these fifty years of the life of this community is universally conceded as standing in the front rank, — aye, in foremost position among our best and greatest, — will it not be he whom we shall set on that pedestal?

Modestly would he disclaim all this; but I appeal, for my justification in saying it all, to the hearts of his neighbors, to the loving testimony of his friends, to those who have grown up with him from early boyhood and who have seen his sterling qualities of character,—that character out of which has come no meanness, no filth, no dishonor, no anything to cause regret or a blush for those who remain in his darkened home, now saddened by another awful sorrow.

It would be ungracious to seek flaws in the character of the dead; but, after eight years of intimate relation and unbroken friendship, I gladly bear this testimony as a flower laid on his bier,—that this man was as near ideal in every relation as any man I have known or expect to know. In home, a charming host; among friends, the ideal companion; in business, square and honorable; in the municipality, a worker for finest things; in the state, interested in best politics; in the church, a loyal and faithful parishioner.

We shall sadly miss him. But let his memory be incentive; let it do for city and for church that best service of winning from us all ideals like his, faithfulness like his, honor like his.

Of no one we have known has it seemed harder to predicate death. He was so full of life, so full of soul, so full of spiritual vigor, that it must be that death could have no hold on his being. We cannot think of him as dead. All his great nature speaks to us of the

immortal life. He has gone; he has embarked on the sea immortal; at "sunset and evening star" he heard the Master's clear call; but for such a soul there was no moaning of the bar. There was "twilight and evening bell, and after that the dark;" but we will trust and believe that when the royal soul saw his Pilot face to face there was joyous welcome. For such a soul no death, but only life and immortality.



## Sermon.

BY RT. REV. WILLIAM LAWRENCE, D.D.

[Selections from sermon preached in Grace Church, Lawrence, Nov. 12, 1899.]

“He hath showed thee, O man, what is good: and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?” — MICAH vi: 8.

A few minutes ago I spoke of how the scientist analyzes the sun’s rays, but how the warmth and light of the spring sun, resting upon bud and blossom, reveal better than any analysis the beneficence of the sun.

More helpful than any analysis of character or than any sermon like this is a life,—a man who, living amongst us, reveals the strength, warmth and beauty of a Christlike manhood.

From the first word of this sermon there have been running in my mind, and I dare say in the minds of many of you, the name and character of one whom this city will sadly miss, — Frederiek E. Clarke.

A man of the highest integrity in business, just in all his dealings, true, honest, fearless, fair-minded and strong, — he had for the basis of his character that solid foun-

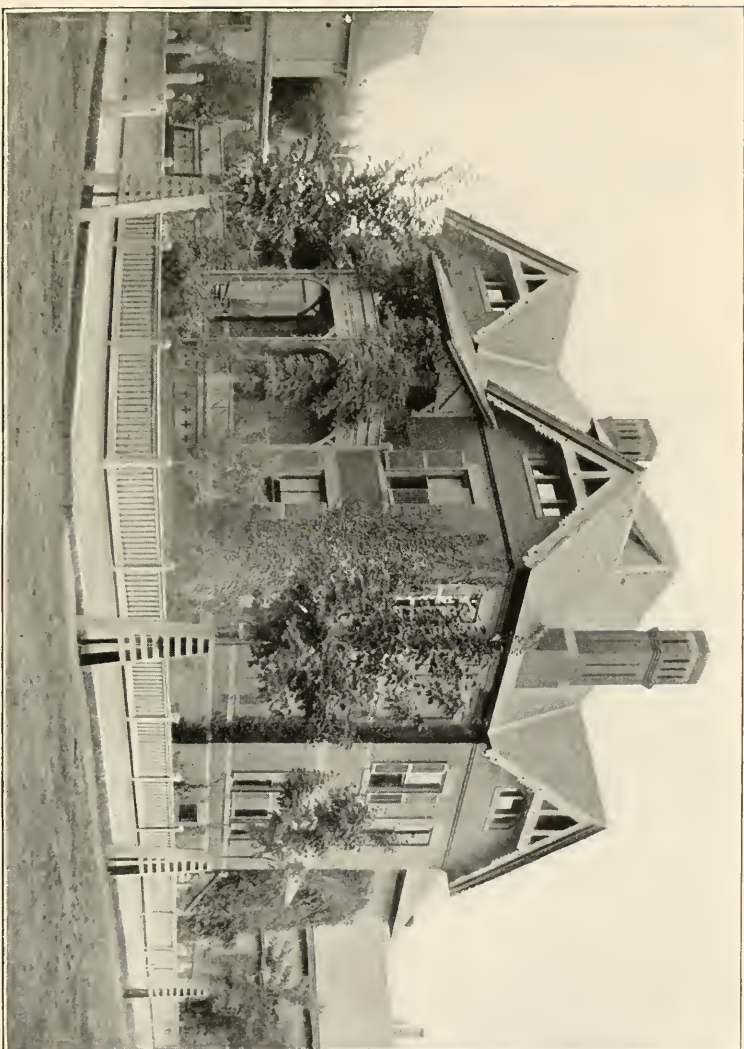
dation upon which the more tender and graceful virtues could be harmoniously built.

Because Mr. Clarke was just, he was no less merciful. Before him, meanness, dishonesty or untruthfulness hid its head in fear of his sharp displeasure; but the sinner could at the same time be sure of his tender mercy and helping hand towards a higher life.

He stood to the community as a man not merely of high morality and generous impulses, but also as a man of deep and simple faith. He was one of those who talk but little of their religious life, but to whom religion is real and personal. He was a strong supporter of the institutional religious life of the city, and in his death our neighboring parish has suffered a heavy loss.

In past years I have often gone to him for advice on matters connected with the morality or the religious life of this community. His sound judgment and broad sympathy always gave help and inspiration. Such men may or may not hold public office, they may or may not be widely or popularly known; they form, however, the backbone of the character of a city. If a prophet were seeking for righteous men in this city, Mr. Clarke would have been one upon whom his eyes would have first rested.

It remains for us, my friends, to fill as best we may the ranks made vacant by the battle of life. May each one of us rouse himself to a life of fuller justice, mercy and faith, such as becomes the saints of God.



RESIDENCE AT LAWRENCE.



## Resolutions and Tributes.

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FROM BOARDS, SOCIETIES, CLUBS AND ASSOCIATIONS.

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### MONDAY NIGHT CLUB, LAWRENCE.

The Monday Night Club was organized in 1872, Mr. Clarke being a charter member. At the meeting of the Club, Dec. 18, 1899, the following memorial was read by Mr. H. G. Herrick, adopted, and ordered to be spread on the minutes and a copy presented to the family:—

Surprise and sorrow were on all lips and all faces, but into many hearts came a sorrow and a grief that “are akin to pain,” at the announcement, on the early morning of the 7th of November, 1899, of the sudden death, at about the middle of the preceding night, of Frederick E. Clarke, an original member of this club, a meeting of which he had that evening attended, being, so far as observed, in his usual health. From the place of meeting he walked to his home, a full mile distant, accompanied by several members of the club almost to his own gateway, said to them a pleasant “Good night,” entered his own door, and presently “he was not, for God took him.”

As boy and man Mr. Clarke had passed nearly his whole life in this city,—a period covering its history

as a city. He saw it grow from a few thousand to sixty thousand people. He was interested in all and personally identified with many enterprises and works, public and private, philanthropic, secular and religious, that sought to promote the public welfare or to lighten individual burdens.

His extensive connection with various business enterprises, corporations and associations in this city and elsewhere, his valuable services and entire fidelity in each, have been fittingly acknowledged and declared by all of them. It remains for us to express, as well as words can, and to place on the records of this club, our estimate of his life and character, formed under other circumstances and in relations and associations much more close and intimate than those of a more public nature; and our sense of the great loss the club and each member of it has sustained by his death, as also a tribute in memory of our personal high esteem and warm affection.

Mr. Clarke's attainments in the path of general literature; his cultivated taste in the field of poetry and art, — remarkable for a man so actively and constantly engaged in the pressing pursuits of a large and various business; his broad and generous culture; his large practical knowledge; the geniality of his disposition; his active, versatile and sagacious mind and generous spirit; his hospitality to all truth; his decided and firm convictions, united always with liberal and tolerant regard for the opinions of others who differed from him; his rare social

and domestic qualities ; his spirit of good-fellowship ; his kindliness of manner, warmth of heart and superb manliness of character, — all contributed to make him at once one of the most instructive and entertaining members of the club, a delightful and charming companion and associate, and a model citizen, “ennobled by himself, by all approved.” He thought, wrote and spoke always clearly, vigorously, forcibly. He was mirthful, but never frivolous. His humor was clean and pure, bright and sparkling, but not incompatible with the gravity and seriousness of a thoughtful man.

May it not truthfully and cordially be said that no one possessed more, if any one so many, of the qualities, all so happily adjusted, that go to make the best, the ideal member of a club like this, or contributed more to the social enjoyment of our meetings, or to their intellectual profit and pleasure.

He recognized, and, better than most men, met all the moral and civic obligations that the best citizenship imposes. Inflexibly just and honest, not only in his dealings with other men but with himself, his conclusions on all questions presented for his decision and action, whether in the forum of his own conscience or in the broader field of business and public life, commended themselves as being generally wise and safe to follow.

To thine own self be true,  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man.



He was a trustworthy man in all the word implies; not alone in matters of high concern and importance, but in the every-day trusts, little and great, of a man's life, — financial, political, social and religious; with conscientious fidelity, with neighborly kindness and with kindly tenderness, he discharged them all.

. . . as a friend he was unselfish, true, just and steadfast;  
. . . of soul sincere;  
In action faithful, in honor clean.

It appears, in the words of our records, that Mr. Clarke and the writer were invited to join the Monday Night Club at the second "preliminary meeting," held Feb. 7, 1872, and shortly after they became members. During twenty-eight years — almost a generation of men — he and the members of this committee, so many of their associate members having fallen by the way or removed from the city, have gradually but inevitably advanced from the foot of the list of members to the head of it. And now that he has gone, crowned with the honor of a well-spent and useful life, we, to whom has been committed the duty of preparing this memorial, remain the only active original members.

We cannot better close this too meagre but loving memorial than in the well-chosen and truthful words of another, on a similar occasion: "Let us not dwell longer on details, for the man was greater than anything he did. In the last analysis it is character that impresses us; and



it is in the totality of his character that the true secret of his character lay, and that will best ensure his perpetual remembrance by all who knew him. That character had fully ripened; no frosts of winter had touched his powers; body and mind were in autumnal beauty; time had not touched him but to mellow. For us, we could have desired a still longer service; but in the Master's eye it was a finished life. He has passed from our sight in the fulness of his strength; we shall associate no thought of feebleness or decay with his memory. From life to life, for death is another life."

G. E. HOOD,

H. G. HERRICK,

*Committee.*

---

BAY STATE NATIONAL BANK, LAWRENCE.

At a meeting of the directors of the Bay State National Bank, Lawrence, held on Nov. 13, 1899, it was voted to enter the following minute upon their records, and the secretary was directed to forward a copy of the same to the family of the late Mr. Clarke:—

A week ago there was included in our membership one who had been for fourteen years an associate in the board, whom we shall see no more. Although he had but five years remaining of his threescore and ten, he was in good, vigorous health. No one thought of him as soon to leave us, and yet the last day of his mortal life was then well advanced. For him the sun would set but once, and

for him would rise no more, before the all-wise Father would call his servant to himself. His going, though quiet and natural, has stirred the entire community as few events do. His name is on every tongue; his life and work are and ever will be a cherished memory. His more than fifty years in the city had brought him in touch with and made him no small part in our activities. In every relation, whether active or honorary, whether employed or employer, he met his obligations in full measure. His was a quiet manner, a sound judgment and a sterling manhood. "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report," are embodied in the name of Frederiek E. Clarke.

JOSEPH SHATTUCK,

JOHN L. BREWSTER,

---

*Committee.*

#### LAWRENCE CITY MISSION.

For twenty-six years Mr. Frederiek E. Clarke had been a member of the Lawrence City Mission, for the past year was its president, and less than two weeks ago he was re-elected to that office for the year to come. His virtues as a citizen, his success as a business man, his energy, strength and honesty in public and private affairs, are already appropriately commemorated by other organizations and fraternities of which he was a member. It

remains for his fellow members in the mission to record their appreciation of his worth as a friend to the disheartened and destitute.

The people who worked in his mills were known to him by name, and he was ever a sympathetic friend to them in times of sorrow or need; in his neighbors who were less fortunate or successful than himself he took a fraternal interest; and in organized effort to meet the problems of poverty and crime he was an earnest and intelligent adviser. By his sudden death the mission loses a generous contributor to its treasury and a wise counsellor in its meetings.

In adopting this minute, we express our desire that it be spread upon our records, and that a copy be sent to the family of the deceased.

Messrs. Gilbert E. Hood, Justin E. Varney and Clark Carter were appointed to represent the mission at the funeral.

CLARK CARTER,

*Secretary.*

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#### HOME CLUB, LAWRENCE.

On the morning of the seventh day of November there came to this community with appalling suddenness the announcement of the death of Mr. Frederick E. Clarke, who had been for many years a member of the Home Club.

Such tidings never fail to awaken feelings of sadness and regret; but rarely indeed do they carry with them in

so marked a degree the sense of personal loss that was felt and expressed by all who knew Mr. Clarke, when they heard the mournful news of his death. Only such widespread grief could make manifest how large a place he had filled in the hearts of his friends and the public generally.

He stood, as hardly another man did or could, as the representative and personification of all that is highest and best in our community. His high character, ability, energy and versatility necessarily made him a leader in all matters which seriously engaged his attention, and no project failed to interest him which promised to improve the spiritual, moral or physical welfare of the city.

An exemplary citizen, he was foremost in all charitable undertakings, and spared no effort to improve the tone of our public life and to secure for the people a clean and efficient administration of their public affairs.

His business life was devoted chiefly to the manufacture of cotton. So well was his work done and so proficient had he become that he had long been recognized as an authority in that and kindred subjects.

Although possessing so conspicuously the qualities requisite for success in the dry routine of business life, he had also what is not commonly found in connection with those qualities,—a highly artistic temperament. He loved nature and the beautiful in art, music and literature. His fondness for these things led him to

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acquire a wide knowledge of them, which was a constant source of pleasure to him and of entertainment and instruction to his friends.

To all this he added a sense of humor, a cheerfulness of disposition and manner and a regard for the amenities of life that made him a most delightful companion and associate.

In his death we have lost a member and a friend who will long be sorely missed.

Resolved, that this memorial be spread upon the records of the Home Club, and that a copy be sent to his family as a token of our sympathy.

HARRY R. DOW,  
A. B. BRUCE,  
JAS. R. SIMPSON,

*Committee.*

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#### LAWRENCE SAVINGS BANK.

The trustees of the Lawrence Savings Bank desire, and deem it eminently fitting, to permanently record upon the books of this institution our simple tribute to the rare character and the important work of our late associate and president, Frederick E. Clarke.

His life history, as we have known it, has told of continuous and successful endeavor to be diligent, efficient, judicious, honest and exact in business and public enterprises; to be generous, reverent, devoted, just and true in religious, social and domestic intercourse. Striving to

do right, conscious of purity of purpose, loving and helping all, he walked and worked among us a man beloved, respected and admired; one fortified against surprises and equipped for life's emergencies.

We extend our heartfelt sympathy to those nearest and dearest to him in the home he blessed with his inspiring presence, and rest in the belief that the life we treasured has passed from temporal conditions to activities that will endure and expand forever.

JOHN A. WILEY,  
HORATIO G. HERRICK,  
ROBERT H. TEWKSBURY,

*Committee.*

WILLIAM W. SPALDING,  
*Secretary.*

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#### NORTH ANDOVER IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY.

The following resolutions were adopted by the North Andover Improvement Society:—

That the members of the executive committee of the North Andover Improvement Society offer an expression of the profound sorrow felt at the sudden death of Mr. Frederick E. Clarke, the president of the society, and place upon record a tribute to his worth and ability. They deplore the loss of an associate who has taken so deep an interest in promoting the work of the society, and testify to the zeal and efficient service he was ever ready to render.

His kindly, helpful influence will be missed from many fields of good works, and his memory long be honored by esteem and appreciation.

Resolved, that a copy of the resolutions be sent to  
Mrs. F. E. Clarke.

J. D. W. FRENCH,

*Secretary.*

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#### LAWRENCE BOARD OF TRADE.

The Board of Trade met Tuesday evening, Nov. 7, 1899, and adopted the following testimonial on the death of President Clarke, presented by Hon. R. H. Tewksbury:—

By an event startling and without premonition the members of the Lawrence Board of Trade are made to know the meaning of sore bereavement and serious loss. Our counsellor, leader and friend, our president, Frederiek E. Clarke, has passed from this mortal to the immortal life. His place among us is vaeant, but we acknowledge and publicly declare that the lessons of his life will remain with us as a precious heritage. We deplore what seems to us his untimely death, but we rejoice that he lived long in this community, to illustrate the art of living as a brother, a patriot and a Christian, and that he presided with dignity and grace over the deliberations of this body and ably co-operated in its work.





We one and all will keep ever in memory his manliness in action, the wholesomeness of his personality, the soundness of his judgment. His life demonstrates the value of loyal citizenship, of untiring industry, of continuous devotion to the right. We cherish the memory of it as a comfort and an inspiration. To those who by reason of kinship and family connection are especially afflicted we give heartfelt sympathy in their severe bereavement.

It was voted that the testimonial be spread upon the records, and a copy sent to the afflicted family.

C. E. HUDSON,

*Secretary.*

In presenting the above, Mr. Tewksbury spoke as follows:—

Mr. Chairman: This is not the time and place for eloquent eulogy of one so sincere, true and patriotic as was our late president, Frederick E. Clarke. If we had in our community one man of whom it was safe and advisable to tell the exact truth, that one was the citizen whose startling and unheralded death we now deplore. So quiet was he in his methods of work that few citizens comprehended his wide connection with organizations and interests here and throughout New England. The organizations included those designed to further industrial, educational and religious advancement.

He seemed to fill a place in local and general affairs



that no one else could so well assume. It must be conceded that he stood among the foremost, I would better say foremost among the prominent, useful and foreeful citizens of Lawrence and of the county of Essex.

The older residents will always remember his unassuming manner, his remarkable capacity for usefulness, his versatility, general knowledge and active sympathy; the generations to come will read of his sincere life and his important labors in local records and in the tributes of contemporaries.

Messrs. J. C. Crombie, W. E. Parker and Dr. M. F. Sullivan were selected to represent the board at the funeral, and to secure a floral tribute.

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#### LAWRENCE PARK COMMISSION.

Mr. Frederick E. Clarke died in this city, Nov. 6, 1899. From the organization of the Board of Park Commissioners until the day of his death Mr. Clarke was chairman of the same, and his associates in the board desire to put permanently upon record their cordial appreciation of his personal worth as a citizen and of his invaluable services in generously marking out and traversing the duties of this board.

Mr. Clarke came to Lawrence when but thirteen years of age, entering the public schools, being one of the first



class in the high school; graduating from which, he entered into manufacturing lines with such success that, without outside or surrounding influences, but solely of his own strength of character, he advanced step by step until he became the agent of the Pemberton Company, which position he held until his resignation, a few months ago.

The city of Lawrence has possessed few men of such marked and distinguished characteristics as Mr. Clarke. Modest, retiring and sweetly dispositioned, and yet strong, vigorous and manly in upholding opinions which he believed to be right; seeking no controversy, but ready to defend his own position and opinion, — Mr. Clarke was one of those rare characters which adorn, advance and beautify all the conditions of social life in the community in which they live. With always positive convictions, he courteously and cordially received any presentation of argument by those holding contrary ideas; without a tinge of bigotry or caste, he possessed his opinions; and he was one of the most manly men this community has produced.

Lawrence is vastly the better for having in and before it the life of a man like Mr. Clarke.

His greeting smile was pledge and prelude  
Of generous deeds and kindly words;  
In his large heart were fair guest-chambers  
Open to sunrise and the birds.

We, his associates in a pecuniarily unrequited work of administering as best possible to the interests of the

public in caring for the parks and shade trees, desire to place upon record our cordial and sympathetic appreciation of the wise, comprehensive, intelligent and generous methods which have characterized his administration of this commission.

And now he rests ; his kindness and his sweetness  
No more shall seem at strife.  
And death has moulded into calm completeness  
The statue of his life.

GEORGE S. MERRILL.

RICHARD A. HALE.

CORNELIUS A. MCCARTHY.

PARRY C. WIGGIN.

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#### MASSACHUSETTS STATE BOARD OF TRADE.

Frederick E. Clarke was the foremost citizen of Lawrence ; he was the most universally beloved. He was not provincial, however ; his influence transcended local boundaries. Throughout the Commonwealth he was recognized as a leader in industrial thought and action. As a member of the State Board of Trade his counsels were valued, his genial presence ever welcomed and his devotion to the prosperity of the association richly appreciated.

Mr. Clarke was pre-eminently a man of sincerity ; honesty of purpose was stamped upon his every act. He despised sham and pretence and hypocrisy ; he would not stoop to flatter or cajole. He loved honor and truth and

justice and righteousness; and, if need be, he stood defiant in their defence. He was of heroic mould, fearless and incorruptible; his conscience was his king.

He hated the darkness, he courted the sunlight; he was ever all sunniness. By nature he was cheerful and sympathetic, charitable and philanthropic. He breathed many songs; he never shot an arrow. He was conspicuous in every effort to raise the lowly and comfort the afflicted. He encouraged many ambitious footsteps, brightened many cheerless hearthstones; to kindly advice he added substantial charity.

The virility and versatility of his mind were well-nigh marvellous. He sounded the gamut intellectually. From the cares of business he would hasten away to the delights of music and literature and art. This intensely practical man of affairs was a devoted student of the latest and largest thought. He was equally at home in the mart, the drawing-room, the popular assemblage.

He possessed the folk-soul, the mind universal. His mind could not be shackled to the narrowness of conceit or prejudice; he recognized distinctions neither of class nor race nor creed. With breadth of mind and depth of heart he encompassed all mankind; in word and deed he emphasized the brotherhood of man and fatherhood of God.

The embodiment of dignified and independent manhood, the life of Frederick E. Clarke was such that a mother

might urge her boy to emulate it. He dwelt upon the heights, he breathed the air of the mountain; and there he remains transfigured, our loving leader still, on those celestial, love-lit heights; an inspiration to us and to all the future, in our longings after holier thoughts, nobler living and broadening spirituality.

J. C. CROMBIE,

R. J. THOMPSON, M.D.,

J. T. SMITH,

*Committee on Resolutions.*

Mr. James C. Crombie, in submitting the report of the committee, delivered the following address:—

Mr. President: In presenting this memorial, it may not be out of place for me to say a few words regarding our departed member. Enjoying his acquaintance from my early boyhood, and for the past few years having been brought into almost daily personal contact with him, my admiration has never waned, and my respect for his lofty character has constantly increased. It was at my solicitation that he accepted the presidency of the Lawrence Board of Trade, and it was with feelings of pride that a few short months ago I presented him to this organization.

Mr. Clarke was for many years a member of the school committee, and rendered important service in the cause of education. He always took a warm interest in the work of the schools, and was ready at all times to aid

in whatever way he could. His influence was extensive and helpful. He was an active member of the High School Alumni.

Occupying many and various positions of public trust, and always a busy man of affairs, he nevertheless found time to aid in any cause that had for its object the welfare of the community.

For over thirty years Mr. Clarke was at the head of one of the largest textile industries in New England. Not only did he conduct its vast interests with such marked ability as to give satisfaction to the stockholders, but at the same time he possessed the absolute confidence of the hundreds of operatives in his employ. I may say, without exaggeration, that all regarded him as their friend, and by many he was almost idolized. When in periods of depression it became his unpleasant duty to reduce their wages, they philosophically accepted the situation, fully realizing that it was a matter of necessity, and a course that was personally distasteful. Many made him their confident, and numerous are the pathetic incidents where he not only gave consolation in their affliction, but also rendered substantial aid.

The poor ever had his heart-felt sympathy, and in the City Mission he was one of the most earnest workers. Without ostentation, he deprecated public mention of his good deeds; but it is no secret that more than one young man and woman, who to-day occupy honorable positions, are indebted to him for the cost of their education.

In the words of one of our most distinguished citizens, “If we had in our community one man of whom it was safe and advisable to tell the exact truth, that one was the citizen whose startling and unheralded death we now deplore. So quiet was he in his methods of work, that few citizens had comprehension of the extent of his connection with organizations and interests both local and throughout the country.”

Verily, in the words of Job of old, so beautifully translated by Dr. Noyes, might Mr. Clarke have said:—

When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me.

For I delivered the poor, when they cried; and the fatherless, who had none to help him.

The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the heart of the widow to sing for joy.

I clothed myself with righteousness, and it clothed itself with me; and justice was my robe and diadem.

I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame.

I was a father to the poor, and the cause of him I knew not I searched out.

To me men gave ear, and waited, and kept silence for my counsel.

If I have refused the poor their desire, and caused the eyes of the widow to fail;

If I have eaten my morsel alone, and the fatherless hath not partaken of it;

If I have seen any one perishing for want of clothing, or any poor man without covering;



If I have made gold my trust, or said to the fine gold,  
Thou art my confidence;

Then let me be confounded before the great multitude!  
let the contempt of families cover me with shame! yea, let  
me keep silence! let me never appear abroad!

Behold my signature! let the Almighty answer me. And  
let mine adversary write down his charge!

Truly I would wear it upon my shoulder; I would bind it  
upon me as a crown.

I would disclose to him all my steps; I would approach  
him like a prince.

Mr. President, do my words seem like extravagant  
eulogy? If so, let him that knew him register his  
protest.

I think of his charming personality; I marvel at his  
versatility. How rare it is to find a man who, amid dis-  
tracting business demands, can take pleasure in the finest  
literature, the best music and the choicest art. His read-  
ing was extensive, and he often surprised his friends by  
its range, together with the accuracy of his information  
as well as the original manner in which he placed facts  
before them. He had a nice feeling for the movement  
of a poem, and was fond of drawing from his retentive  
memory poetic quotations apt to the occasion. He had  
a musical ear, and was at one time a member of the  
church quartette. It was a pleasure to visit his home,  
where, surrounded by works of art and literary treas-  
ures, his discriminating criticism was little short of



an inspiration. He was a delightful host, and always companionable. Mr. Clarke was imbued with a deep love of nature, and was one who “looked up through nature to nature’s God.” He was never happier than when sitting on the broad veranda of his beautiful country home at North Andover, gazing over the restful summer landscape.

It has occasionally been your privilege and mine to meet some prominent man whose depth of character and breadth of mind had made him foremost among his townsmen. Such a man was Frederick E. Clarke. Without pretention, he was industrious, earnest and able; without obstinacy, he was firm; without self-righteousness, he was scrupulously honest and conscientious in all things; faithful to his friends, yet just to his opponents; true to his convictions, yet ever ready to receive suggestions and advice. Scorning deceit, he diligently sought for the truth; fearless in action and in the expression of his own opinions, yet attentive and respectful to those with whom he differed; public-spirited as a citizen, charitable to the needy, sympathetic with the suffering. Genial as an associate, he was a man to be honored and loved as he was in life, and sincerely mourned as he is in death.

Farewell, unspotted and dauntless soul! Thou hast lain down to rest amid the blessings of both the high and the lowly. Thine example shall be a precious heritage; and the air above thy grave shall be vocal with the words of

the Master whose welcome thou hast received at Glory's morning gate: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

Mr. B. E. Donigan made the following remarks:—

I rise in this presenee, not to attempt to add anything of value or importance to the well-deserved and finely expressed sentiments spoken in resolution and eulogy by our esteemed friend, Mr. Crombie, and others, but simply to say, in plain and heartfelt language, that in Mr. Clarke's sad and sudden death I too lost a friend.

Death is always solemn, always mysterious, always dreaded, and often startles communities, as well as family and friends, by casting no warning shadow before to announce its coming. It breaks in, unbidden and unannounced, upon the exacting duties of a busy life, invades the festivities of a business or social hour like this, even enters the innermost circles of the most cultured and happy homes, to remind us that God is Master, and the book of life must be closed when He so ordains.

I have heard eulogies pronounced over departed men, when fine words and beautiful figures of speech were employed to cover up defective and questionable lives; and where the speaker was obliged to make use of the most general terms, to avoid coming into conflict with truth, and being open to the charge of misrepresentation; but no such fears may be entertained in discussing any thought, act or deed in the life of the late Frederick E. Clarke.

Mr. Clarke made no pretensions to the possession of the power of graceful or impressive oratory. Indeed, the last occasion that it was my privilege to hear him was at the late banquet in this hall, given Admiral Sampson by this State Board of Trade; and you will remember that he prefaced a most admirable speech by saying that it was the regret of his life, when called upon, that he was not blessed with the graces of ready, extempore speaking; and he then went on and made one of the best speeches of the day. And, while it is true that his many natural gifts ran in other directions, yet I never heard him speak publicly without thinking him eloquent, — not the fervid eloquence of a Choate, a Webster, a Dougherty, a Phillips, a Sumner or an Everett, but that other eloquence of a Lincoln at Gettysburg, — direct, sympathetic, forceful, artless and manly, marshalling facts in a manner that could not fail to impress the hearer and outlive the greatest flights of stilted oratory. Mr. Clarke aimed to convince, rather than to mystify or please; and he never sat down without convincing his hearers that he had made the subject under discussion a study, and had contributed something of value to aid in arriving at correct and intelligent decisions.

No better proof of his high character and rugged honesty could be given than to show the value of his personal indorsement given to a manufacturing corporation, which, through the Lawrence Board of Trade, was soliciting stock subscriptions to raise its capital up to the

required amount. A meeting of the board was held; Mr. Clarke was in the chair. The officers of the proposed industry had made a detailed and itemized statement of its assets, its liabilities and its requirements. The members of the board, seated around, looked incredulous and doubting; and it was not until Mr. Clarke arose and calmly said, "Gentlemen, I have given this whole matter my careful, personal investigation, and I now give it my absolute and unqualified approval and indorsement," that all doubt was dispelled. A committee was appointed, of which Mr. Clarke and my valued friend, Mr. Crombie, were members, and subscriptions to the stock came pouring in, often through the simple use of Mr. Clarke's name, the amount required was obtained, and that piano manufacturing industry is established on a fine financial basis, giving steady employment to old and newly made citizens, — the child of the Lawrence Board of Trade, of which the late Mr. Clarke was president.

Hundreds of other incidents in the life of Mr. Clarke, showing the weight of his personal word as well as his quiet and unheralded charity, might be recalled, but it is unnecessary.

The plaudits of men to him only signified approval, and never stimulated that unseemly vanity, the common failing of many of our public and business men.

He hated cant and hypocrisy, and had no patience with the man who entertains opinions on public questions, which, for policy's sake, he would modify or conceal.



THE OLD ELM AND FARM-HOUSE,

Opposite Mr. Clarke's Lawrence residence. Having much historical interest as an old landmark, the property was purchased by him, in order to insure its preservation.



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He loved the country of his birth for its wise laws, its noble institutions, its generous liberty, its spirit of individual and national independence, its broad citizenship and limitless opportunities, which foster every well-directed effort, and reward in some way every manly action.

We mourn with profound sorrow the death of this nobleman of nature, cast in heroic mould, who has left behind him, as a common heritage, the example of a busy, a successful and a blameless life. Indeed, it has been the wonder of those who knew him best how he accomplished so much important and valuable work; for each duty that came to him, however foreign to his special training, seemed to be the particular one in which he excelled.

Whether engaged in a conference of bankers, discussing the delicate and intricate questions of finance; in the councils of railroad men, devising ways and means of opening up or managing those important arteries of trade, travel and communication; presiding at the councils of our city's Board of Trade, where municipal growth, progress, advancement, brains and unselfish and unrewarded public work are beautifully and mysteriously blended; in the cotton market of the nation or the world; on the vital questions of national import, upon which the life of the republic hangs; or even art or literature, — his keen knowledge, his extensive reading and judicial mind would lead one to suspect that he had made each and all the



study of his life, and excelled all associates, in whichever duty he might be engaged.

His home was the home of true American refinement and culture, presided over by a loving wife, in the midst of devoted friends, the best of books and the choicest works of the masters from home and abroad.

His life work is ended; his labors are over. His arduous duties, which seemed to fall so lightly upon him are at an end. That long rest, which he so richly earned, has come to him at last, unbidden and unsolicited. The great and varied duties which he performed so uncomplainingly and so well have now passed to other hands. "God's finger touched him, and he sleeps." In the beautiful cemetery on the green hillside, overlooking the busy throngs of his beloved city of Lawrence, warmed and lighted by the sun's earliest rays, he sleeps. In a perfect bower of earth's choicest flowers, the tenderest testimonials of reverence, affection and remembrance, he rests; and there, in the language of Bryant, "he has drawn the drapery of his couch about him, and lain down to pleasant dreams."

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#### BOSTON-DUENWIG ZINC COMPANY.

At a meeting of the board of directors of the Boston-Duenwig Zinc Company, held on the eighth day of November, 1899, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

Resolved, that the board of directors of the Boston-



Duenwig Zinc Company learn with deep sorrow of the death of the president of the company, Mr. Frederick E. Clarke, and desire to express not only their keen appreciation of the great loss sustained by the company, and their acute feeling of personal loss in the decease of so kind and considerate an associate, but also their high estimate of the sterling character and unusual ability and wise business judgment of their late friend.

Resolved, that these resolutions be spread upon the records of the company, and a copy thereof be sent to the family of Mr. Clarke, and that Mr. Henry W. Colley be delegated to attend the funeral of Mr. Clarke as a representative of this board.

HENRY W. COLLEY,

*Secretary.*

MASSACHUSETTS BOARD OF PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION  
MANAGERS.

The members of this board have learned with great regret of the sudden death of their late colleague, Frederick E. Clarke.

In the industrial world Mr. Clarke was a power for good, and his manliness, solidity of character, sound judgment and unswerving integrity, together with his willingness to do honest and hard work to promote the public welfare, won for him the respect and confidence of his fellow citizens.



It is ordered that this minute be spread upon the records, and a copy sent to the family of our deceased associate, with assurances of our warm sympathy in their great loss.

CHARLES E. ADAMS.

ELIPHALET T. TIFFT.

LOMBARD WILLIAMS.

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#### TEXTILE CLUB.

The meeting of the Textile Club, Dec. 2, 1899, was dedicated to the memory of its former president, the late Frederick Emerson Clarke of Lawrence, Mass.; and this memorial was passed to be inscribed upon the records of the club and sent to his family.

Mr. Clarke died suddenly at his home just before midnight, November 6, and lies forever at rest on a grassy slope in Bellevue. But in the hearts of those whose pleasure it was to know him he still lives, a man of noble, Christian endeavor, independent in thought and action, and of high intellectual attainments.

The extent of his information and his wide experience with men and the affairs of life tempered all his sentiments with justice and gave a peculiar value to his advice. These qualities, together with a genial, merry humor, made his society a never-failing delight. He possessed an innate and sterling honesty. He was thorough and able in all that he undertook to do. He was sympathetic and considerate of the rights and opinions of others, and

in the more subtle and delicate relations of social and personal life he was a sure guide, a most lovable companion and friend, the attractiveness of whose character formed those bonds of friendship which resist even the triumph of death.

The voice at midnight came,  
He started up to hear;  
A mortal arrow pierced his frame,  
He fell, — but felt no fear.

Mr. Charles A. DeCourcy of Lawrence delivered the following address : —

Except in the affectionate surroundings of his home, no place could be more fitting in which to honor the memory of Frederick E. Clarke than at a meeting of the Textile Club. Here he was wont to meet the men who, like himself, had devoted their lives to the management of New England's great textile industries; and among you, his brethren of the craft, he numbered his dearest friends.

Privileged to take part in this your memorial meeting, I should ill repay your courtesy by extravagant panegyric or rhetorical platitudes of one so modest and sincere. It will be more in keeping with his memory, and with your and my desires, if I put into simple expression the thoughts that lie in your minds.

Born sixty-five years ago this month, at Watertown, he moved with his father to the "new city" — Lawrence

—at the age of thirteen. After a short period at a private school, he entered the first class of the new high school, and was graduated at the age of seventeen. Unable to obtain a college education, he immediately entered upon the work of his life. New England, and especially Massachusetts, had already passed the transition period that began when the enterprise of Lowell, Appleton and Jackson established at Waltham the first scientific factory. About him were the growing evidences of manufacturing industry on the banks of the Merrimack. His father's mechanical training, too, influenced him, and he began life as an apprentice in the old Lawrence Machine Shop. After two years he entered the employ of the Pacific Mills, where he acquired some experience in mill construction and the arrangement of cotton machinery. In 1858 he went to the Pemberton Company as paymaster, and in 1861, at the age of twenty-six, was entrusted with the responsible position of manufacturing agent. To this, with the addition of the Methuen mills and Salem bagging mills, he devoted more than thirty-seven years of continuous and faithful service.

How steadily and broadly he developed in his life's work it is needless to recall in this presence. Not only did he become thoroughly conversant with all the technical details of cotton manufacturing, but he mastered the engineering problems of mill construction and steam and water power; so much so, that, after his retirement from

mill management, at the beginning of 1898, he was in frequent demand for consultation and expert testimony on these lines. He was an excellent example of the ideal he drew in his admirable address as president of the New England Cotton Manufacturers' Association, last October, in these words: "There is not an avenue in the realms of science but may be explored with profit to the manufacturer; and, while he labors industriously in his application of the laws of mechanics, of the results of investigations in science and of the deductions from varied experience, he must also give his deep and earnest thoughts to the social, educational and moral welfare of his work people, that they too may have the upward impulse of improvement, and maintain their superiority to the machines they watch over and direct."

But, while developing as a manufacturer in all these years, he broadened out in other lines. He was director in other manufacturing corporations. His studies of financial matters made him a valued director in a large national bank and president of a savings bank. He was president of the Boston & Lowell Railroad; and since his retirement from the Pemberton Company he mastered the zinc manufacturing industry to an extent that astonished those of longer years' experience. In none of these positions was he merely a nominal official; his thoroughness gave him a prominent part in each; and the recognition of his excellence placed him on the board of trustees of the Lowell Textile School, the

advisory board of the Philadelphia Commercial Museum, and the board of management of the Pan-American Exposition of Buffalo.

Were this the entire story of his life, it would be sufficient to place him among men typical of the best New England manhood. It would be another illustration of the possibilities of our free institutions; of the boy, without the aid of wealth or college training, by his unaided efforts steadily forging ahead to the front of great industrial enterprises. It is the line that marks the biography of most of the men who have made New England famous in business and public life. But Frederick E. Clarke was more than a successful, self-made man. That character is oftentimes in fact, as it always is in fiction, an unlovable one. The limitations of training, with life confined to the details of a complex and absorbing employment, are liable to narrow the man intellectually, and often in temperament. Our friend was broader than his environment. In the atmosphere of the common school was enkindled an inextinguishable spark, — a love of learning for its own sake. Every man who amounts to anything has two educations: the first he gets from his teachers; the other, more personal and important, from himself. In all the years of a busy life he encouraged an innate love for books, and entered the choice storehouse of the world's authors. We often wondered how he found time to familiarize himself with the masterpieces of English and American literature.

And his knowledge was not a superficial one; he not only could quote their lines, but he absorbed their spirit. Their influence was apparent in his choice use of clear, forcible and graceful language, both in private converse and in public speech. And few men had a more cultivated standard of taste or appreciative knowledge of the best current literature. Even beyond literature, he had an appreciation of music and art that was rather marvellous for one with his opportunities.

Looking along this line of his intellectual achievements, we recognize, as the ruling trait in his completed life, a broad, well-rounded development,—a broadness with perfection of proportion and balance. And alongside this well-rounded development of his mental make-up, the cardinal trait of his moral nature was sincerity. He spoke as he thought, he did as he professed, he performed what he promised. In every relation and dealing of life he was what he appeared to be. There was no guile in his disposition, no mere policy or pretence; and he had a healthful horror of hypocrisy. Yet there was no suggestion of brusqueness about his sincerity. He was genial and considerate of the feelings of others to a degree; but you could not imagine Frederick E. Clarke as insincere in any respect. Thorough and sincere he was, a sound mind in a sound body, moderate in all things, and the sun was not brighter than his temperament. We never thought of him as growing old. The well-springs of his heart never grew dry. And it is such men, young in



spirit, if not in years, who never cease to grow and who move the world.

Our friend Clarke was a model citizen. He held no elective office, had no title; but he was larger than any office, and no title could ennoble him. In the community where all his life from boyhood was spent, he enjoyed the proud distinction of being its foremost citizen, by common consent. Unlike too many of our busy men, he recognized his duty to the city and the state. Instead of complaining of conditions of our municipal life, he was active in the duties of citizenship. He shirked not the post of president of the Board of Trade. When our voters, rising above party, banded together to improve the public life of our city, he declined not the thankless duties of president of our Good Government Association. And when, celebrating the semi-centennial of our municipal life, the substantial men of the city gathered to recall the glorious history of the past, he, as chairman, in forceful words reminded them of the duties of the citizen in years to come, and his weighty words bore fruit. What wonder that his memory is an inheritance and an inspiration.

Upon the inner and more personal life and character of our friend I have no heart to enter. Every man to-day has some new story of his generous charity, which none were permitted to make public while he lived. Neither shall I recall them now, realizing how distasteful to him would be the proclaiming of them.



To-day the community deplores the loss of the broadly developed and sincere man, the city laments the death of the public-spirited citizen, the poor bewail the taking off of a generous benefactor. We mourn with them, but we also mourn alone, for to us his death brings a sense of personal bereavement and sorrow. To us especially the shortcomings of the spoken word are painfully apparent, for we realize, as Carlisle puts it, that under all speech that is good for anything is a silence that is better. It will be long ere we fully realize that he will be here no more.

In these days I often recall him as he read a paper at a memorial meeting of the High School Alumni, a few months ago. He dwelt upon that first class in the high school, and reviewed in sentences sparkling with humor the pranks of those early days. Then with tender pathos he recognized the fact that but six of all that class survived, and closed his address, as I do mine, with these touching lines by Oliver Wendell Holmes:—

“How many have gone?” was the question of old,

Ere time our bright ring of its jewels bereft.

Alas! for too often the death bell has tolled;

And the question we ask is, “How many are left?”

How narrow the circle that holds us to-night;

How many the loved ones that greet us no more;

As we meet like the stragglers that come from the fight,

Like the mariners flung from a wreck on the shore.

We look through the twilight for those we have lost;  
 The stream rolls between us, and yet they seem near;  
 Already outnumbered by those who have crossed,  
 Our band is transplanted, its home is not here.

They smile on us still, — is it only a dream?  
 While fondly or proudly their names we recall,  
 They beckon, they come, they are crossing the stream;  
 Lo! the shadows, the shadows! room, room for them all!

### LOWELL TEXTILE SCHOOL.

At a meeting of the trustees of the Lowell Textile School, held at Lowell, Tuesday, Nov. 14, 1899, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted: —



Whereas, it has pleased the Heavenly Father to remove from our midst our associate trustee and well-loved friend, Frederick E. Clarke of Lawrence, who by constant endeavor and never-failing energy ever sought to promote the good of and accomplished so much for his fellow men, be it —

Resolved, that in his death we mourn the loss of a faithful co-laborer, a great captain of the textile industry, a citizen who discharged the duties of the numerous positions of great responsibility to which he was called with singular ability and fidelity, a sincere and dear personal friend.

Resolved, that we tender to his widow our profound sympathy in her bereavement.

JAMES T. SMITH,  
*Clerk of the Corporation.*

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#### THE PHILADELPHIA MUSEUMS.

The trustees and director of the Philadelphia Commercial Museum are cognizant of their great loss in the passing away of Mr. Frederick E. Clarke, who was, in addition to the innumerable other enterprises which enjoyed his support and co-operation, a valued and trusted member of the advisory board of this institution.



We trust that you will convey to the members of the Lawrence Board of Trade as a body the sympathy of this institution in this our mutual and irreparable loss.

W. P. WILSON,  
*Director.*

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#### BOSTON & LOWELL RAILROAD.

The directors of the Boston & Lowell Railroad passed the following resolution : —

Resolved, that the directors of the Boston & Lowell Railroad have heard with much sorrow of the death of Mr. Frederick E. Clarke, the president of the road. He

had been associated with them as director for sixteen years, and had been eight years president, during which time he had, by his pleasing manners and his uprightness in managing the affairs of the company, gained the approbation and confidence of his directors.

The position was a difficult one ; common-sense, integrity and devotion to duty were required ; and his loss is a matter of serious regret to the board, who, in order to testify their esteem, direct that these resolutions be placed on file, and that a copy of them be sent to Mr. Clarke's family.

C. E. A. BARTLETT,

*Clerk.*

#### NEW ENGLAND COTTON MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION.

The board of government of the New England Cotton Manufacturers' Association, at its first meeting after the death of Mr. Clarke, held Dec. 23, 1899, passed the following resolution : —



Whereas, by the death of Frederick E. Clarke the community has been bereft of a man whose rare endowments were earnestly applied for many years to the successful administration of large enterprises in textile manufacturing, engineering, finance and the obligations of public life, —

Be it resolved, that the board of government of the New England Cotton Manufacturers' Association spread

upon its records this tribute to the character and ability of Frederick E. Clarke, president.

Voted, that the board of government report its action at the next meeting of the association.

C. J. H. WOODBURY,

*Secretary.*

The Transactions of the New England Cotton Manufacturers' Association, Volume 67, contained the following tribute to Mr. Clarke, written by C. J. H. Woodbury:—

Frederick Emerson Clarke, the fifteenth president of this association, died suddenly at his home in Lawrence, Mass., on Monday, Nov. 6, 1899, completing an active and honorable career, excelling in an unusual number of lines of work for which he was fitted by his abilities and sustained by continuous good health.

He was born Dec. 13, 1834, at Watertown, Mass.; moved to Lawrence in 1847, where he graduated from the high school, and was prepared for college; but he did not enter college, and at the age of seventeen he was apprenticed to the machinist's trade at the Lawrence Machine Shop, in 1851, for the period of two years, at the end of which time he was employed by the Pacific Mills on the construction of buildings and in the arrangement of cotton machinery. In 1861 he became manufacturing agent of the Pemberton Manufacturing Company of Lawrence, Mass. In 1866 he took in addition a similar position for the Methuen Cotton

Company of Methuen, Mass., and in 1872 for two mills at Salem, Mass., engaged in the manufacture of jute bagging for the covering of cotton bales. He carried all of these responsibilities in an able manner until Jan. 1, 1898, when he retired from active connection with textile manufacturing.

He was fond of association with his fellow men, and recognized the debt that a man owes to the town he lives in. The extent to which his associates valued his sound judgment and appreciated the benefit of his presence is shown by the number of organizations and corporations with whose management he was affiliated. He was president and one of the few charter members of this association, president of the Boston & Lowell Railroad Company, Boston-Duenwig Zinc Company, Lawrence Savings Bank, Board of Trade, City Mission, Good Government Association and Park Commission. He was on the board of directors in several manufacturing corporations, a trustee of the Lowell Textile School, director of the Home Market Club, director of the Bay State National Bank of Lawrence, member of the advisory board of the Philadelphia Museums, and recently had been appointed by the governor as one of the managers for Massachusetts of the Pan-American Exposition to be held at Buffalo in 1901. He was a member of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, the Monday Night Club of Lawrence, the Boston Art Club, the Home Club of Lawrence, and was actively engaged in the work of the Unitarian Church

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at Lawrence. During the summer he lived on his extensive farm in the adjoining town of North Andover, where he identified himself with local interests as president of the North Andover Improvement Society and also as a member of the Country Club.

The breadth of his mental scope is shown by the number of different pursuits and occupations in which he excelled and held a leading position. He thoroughly understood a number of branches of textile manufacturing, in which he had made many contributions to the systematic methods of operation and of cost finding. He was conversant with the engineering problems of mill construction, of water and steam power, and as a shrewd business man his financial ability was widely recognized, both by manufacturers and bankers. His success in engineering construction and methods of manufacturing was not limited to the mills under his charge, but he was called in as an adviser by other mill corporations, and after his retirement as an active manufacturer he was in great demand as an expert in the construction and valuation of mill plants and water power. He carried a great load of responsibilities without confusion, and was able to control others without irritation. He was a courteous and genial presiding officer, but firmly keeping a meeting to the matters under consideration.

The effect of his sound reading was shown in his aptitude as a clear and logical speaker, fluent and even eloquent to a rare degree for one whose career had been



devoted entirely to technical affairs in mill and office, where achievements follow actions, not words. His brilliant opening address at the Montreal meeting was appreciated by our hosts at the Canadian metropolis, and will be remembered with satisfaction by this association.

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#### HOME MARKET CLUB.

At the regular quarterly meeting of the officers of the Home Market Club, Mr. O. H. Sampson offered the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:—

Resolved, that it was with deep sorrow that we heard of the decease of our long-time associate and friend, Mr. Frederick E. Clarke of Lawrence, and at our first meeting since the sad event we desire to extend our condolence and sympathy to his bereaved family. He was a man of great intelligence upon all the questions with which we have to deal, and his loyalty to principle was always in evidence. He was a wise counsellor and a good friend, and we sadly miss his genial presence, but take pride in the record of his useful and worthy life.

ALBERT CLARKE,

*Secretary.*

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#### LAWRENCE HIGH SCHOOL ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

Frederick Emerson Clarke, a member of the Lawrence High School Alumni Association from its inception, and its president for the first fifteen years of its existence,



died at his home on East Haverhill Street, Nov. 6, 1899.

Mr. Clarke entered the high school at its opening, March 17, 1849, in a class of sixteen, and was graduated March 5, 1852. He then entered upon his life work here in Lawrence, where he made his home, and where he acquired a reputation of which any man may be proud. His honesty, energy and integrity have placed him in the front rank of our citizens, and we are proud to recognize in him an illustration of what a pupil of our high school may achieve.

His interest in our association has been manifested on many occasions, and we desire to place on record our appreciation of his many excellent qualities as a man, as a citizen and as a member of our association, and to extend to his bereaved family our sincere sympathies in their loss.

GEORGE CARLISLE STUART,

*Secretary.*

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FROM INAUGURAL ADDRESS OF HON. JAMES F. LEONARD,  
MAYOR OF LAWRENCE.

The Park Commission and the community sustained a severe loss in the death, during the year, of the chairman of the board, Frederick E. Clarke. He left behind him an honored name, the record of unselfish effort for the city and its people, and in his death the city lost an active, honest and able official.

## Press Notices.

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### FROM THE LAWRENCE "EVENING NEWS."

The people of Lawrence were pained to learn of the sudden death of Frederick E. Clarke. Mr. Clarke has lived in Lawrence nearly all his life. He came here when a boy, was graduated in the first class of the Lawrence High School, and has from that time been identified with the business interests of the city, the cause of education, and to some extent in other branches of the municipal service. His advance in business affairs was rapid, and he soon disclosed ability in manufacturing that promoted him to the position of agent of the Pemberton Company and of the mill at Methuen, which offices he held for many years. After retiring from active service as agent of the Pemberton Company, he was president of the New England Cotton Manufacturers' Association, and was a recognized authority in manufacturing circles. But, while Mr. Clarke was a leader in manufacturing and business circles, he was still better known to the people of Lawrence as a clean, straightforward and highly reputable man, who took a warm interest in whatever advanced the welfare of the people. It is to Mr. Clarke's credit

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that he was often spoken of as a "white man." This of course means that Mr. Clarke was a man who deserved the confidence of the community in which he lived. Indeed, few men have ever lived in Lawrence who held so strong a place in the confidence of the people as Mr. Clarke. He came to this not because of any arts on his part, not because of any design to wield influence, not because of any scheme or skill in bringing men and forces to his support, but because of the sincerity, straightforwardness and right-mindedness of the man. He was an honest man. He united much more than ordinary ability with entire sincerity, unaffectedness of manner and a desire to be helpful, whether to individuals or to the community. Mr. Clarke came nearer perhaps than any other man to being the foremost citizen of Lawrence. He seemed to be a man without guile. He seldom asked anything for himself, and never sought office. Quite a number of his fellow citizens seriously thought of him for mayor about three years ago; but Mr. Clarke promptly answered that he could not think of his name being used, — although if he had lived the time would quite likely have come when he would have been urged for that place. He was a member of the school committee for many years, and exerted a salutary influence both on the board and in the schools of the city. He was a member of numerous business and social organizations, was always ready for any good work, and assisted wherever he could. He was a pillar in the Unitarian Church, and spared

neither himself nor his means to advance its interests in any direction. In the death of Mr. Clarke Lawrence loses a man whose life has been simply invaluable. No estimate can be set upon the services rendered by such a man as Mr. Clarke. His life was in a way a benediction. No designing man proposed any scheme of wrong-doing in his presence, and no good cause failed to secure his interest. His life has been open, with nothing to be concealed. Simple in his manner, unaffected, desirous to be helpful, efficient in business, interested in sound learning and in the cause of education, in good morals and in humanity generally, the people of Lawrence lost one of their first citizens and a truly good man in the death of Frederick E. Clarke.

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FROM THE LAWRENCE "TELEGRAM."

The death of Frederick E. Clarke removes one of the foremost citizens. He was a perfect type of a self-made man. A man who commenced at the lowest rung of the ladder, he worked his way up step by step, by industry and ability, to be recognized as one of the ablest men in his chosen line of work in the country. His energies, however, were not limited to the mill business. He was prominently identified with many business interests, while he maintained a cordial interest in social and fraternal organizations, all of which aided in the development of the life of the people. Mr. Clarke's health was

good, and he was looking forward to a winter of great activity. The Board of Trade, of which he was president, was to feel the influence of his deep interest and personal effort to do something for the benefit of the city. All this is passed, for death came to him without warning, as it has to so many recently. No man who has been a leader in the thought and life of the people, as Mr. Clarke has, could go across the great divide without leaving behind a gap which will be hard to fill. He leaves also a life's story which should be an inspiration to any young and ambitious man who would achieve the right sort of success. He also bequeaths, to those who knew him best, a hallowed memory, to be kept ever green, of warm friendship and noble manhood.

The sad news of the death of Frederick E. Clarke came with a great shock to the community. "Why, we talked with him yesterday," or, "I saw him only last evening," were the utterances on many lips when the sad news was broken to them. Alas! it was too true that the foremost citizen of Lawrence, a man distinguished for his broad-minded charity, his warm friendships and his splendid ability, had passed to the great beyond. The noble heart is stilled in death, but the noble nature will never cease to be a hallowed memory to his friends and to the wide circle who have been benefited by his having lived and worked in this community.

## FROM THE LAWRENCE "DAILY EAGLE."

A more distinguished gathering of men never came to Lawrence than that which was here yesterday afternoon to attend the funeral of the late Frederick E. Clarke. Men who had achieved fame in the manufacturing, railroad, professional and business world were numerous. They were all drawn here by a common desire to pay the last honors to one whom they had been proud to call a friend, and one who had been a guiding star to them all.

Only the actions of the just  
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

Those lines kept running in my mind as I heard the deep, heartfelt tribute paid to the late Frederick E. Clarke yesterday by many gray-haired men and women who had worked under him for a generation in the Pemberton Mills. They had all been helped over hard places in the struggle of life by the kindly, generous man whose funeral they were attending. The large gathering of the most representative citizens showed how high a place he occupied in the affections of the public at large, but I think the many people who had worked under him, who called, was the best testimonial to his true worth.

By his death Lawrence loses one of her foremost citizens. The greater portion of his life having been spent

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in this city, he had always taken a deep interest in the municipality. A person familiar with Lawrence and her people said, a short time ago, that if he were asked to name the leading citizen he should say F. E. Clarke.

Mr. Clarke was a close observer of affairs, and his ability as a manufacturer was recognized in mill circles in all parts of the country.

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FROM THE LAWRENCE "AMERICAN."

The community was shocked yesterday morning when the news of the death of Frederick E. Clarke had become generally known. In excellent health on Monday evening, he left a merry company of his personal friends, and little did they believe when he went to his home he had departed from their company forever. For years Mr. Clarke had been one of Lawrence's foremost citizens. All that pertains to ability, integrity and good judgment was found in Mr. Clarke's career for years. He was a self-made man, and a friend to all. His relations in business, home, religion and in all walks of life were those of a man and gentleman, and his death will be deplored and deeply mourned. The city looked upon Mr. Clarke as one of her few public men. He carried weight in all undertakings with which he was identified and he was of national prominence. In manufacturing he was a recognized authority, and his presence was sought on great gatherings of mill men. In public life he was a



leader; not in the sense of a political leader, but a leader of men. His profound judgment was so given as to assemble men about him; and, while not holding municipal office, save one public trust, that of chairman of the Park Commission, he was always a man to attend his party caucus, and was also present at all elections. His life was an example which we all can follow with profit, for he combined all qualities of a right living. Lawrence mourns in his death, for there has passed to the great beyond a good man.

In the death of Mr. Clarke the city of Lawrence loses one of its leading citizens. Foremost in all matters pertaining to the city's welfare was Mr. Clarke. Duty to his city, to his church, to his fellow men was his theme in life, and in his death an upright citizen and a good man has gone to his reward.

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FROM THE LAWRENCE "EVENING TRIBUNE."

The death of Frederick E. Clarke will be mourned nowhere more sincerely than in the Pemberton Mills, where he held responsible positions for over thirty years. He was a friend and counsellor of those under him, and the testimony of all is that he was a good man. There was no nonsense about Mr. Clarke. He was always the same kindly personality. A type of the best citizenship, his example has been an inspiration to many young men,



both as regards their public duty and in their relations with their fellow men. Mr. Clarke held a high place in the estimation of the people of this city, because they understood him and appreciated him at his worth.

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FROM THE "COMMERCIAL BULLETIN."

Frederick E. Clarke died very suddenly on Tuesday at his home in Lawrence, Mass., of heart disease. He was widely known in cotton manufacturing circles, and will be much missed in the various organizations to which he belonged.

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Biographical notices appeared in the various Boston dailies, and in the "American Wool and Cotton Reporter," the "Textile Manufacturers' Journal," the "Boston Journal of Commerce," "Fibre and Fabric," the "Dry Goods Economist" and the "Exposition Bulletin."

### Addresses by Mr. Clarke.

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ADDRESS AT THE BANQUET OF THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL  
CELEBRATION OF THE ORGANIZATION OF LAWRENCE  
AS A TOWN, HELD AT CITY HALL, MAY 3, 1897.

When one's childhood is blended with the childhood of a town and city, when he receives his education in its public schools, advances in years as the city advances in growth and prosperity, mingles almost daily with its citizens and is deeply interested in its welfare, he may take a just and pardonable pride in accepting the invitation of his fellow citizens to preside upon the occasion which celebrates the fiftieth anniversary of its incorporation as a town.

Two years ago the city government celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the laying of the first stone in the foundation of the great dam erected to hold back the water and furnish the power for the great industries of the new city.

To-night we, citizens who have established homes here, together with our guests, most of whom were once honored citizens, and who upon leaving us left their impress for good on the town and city, celebrate the separation

from the good old colonial towns of Andover and Methuen, and the organization of the town of Lawrence.

Merchants of Boston who had long been noted for their honorable methods of business and spirit of enterprise were early alive to the importance of establishing in this state the manufacture of textile fabrics. At Lowell, Waltham and a few other places such manufactures had already been successfully established; and these men of Boston, while searching for a site offering the proper advantages for the planting of great mills requiring a large amount of power, were met by Daniel Saunders, a resident of that part of Lawrence which was then in the town of Andover. Mr. Saunders, by his long residence here and his studies of the situation, had become fully convinced of the many advantages to be obtained both as to power and natural adaption to the needs of a large city. Through continued efforts and persistent endeavor he prevailed upon these men to found the city in this, one of the most beautiful valleys of the Merrimack. Of these merchants, Abbott and Amos Lawrence were active and prominent, and contributed largely towards the construction of the great works and the establishment of the textile industries of the city. For this reason the town, which up to that time of organization had been called the New City, took the name of Lawrence.

Once established here, and the work begun, there came pouring in from all parts of New England men of strong native characteristics, wide-awake, alert and determined

to build the future city on such broad foundations that the superstructure, to be continually building and never finished, should stand the tests of time.

Those sturdy men are fast passing away ; but it is happily our good fortune to-night to meet many who, coming early, have through the fifty years done nobly their part, and, although age creeps on apace, are still ready to battle for the high and noble things which belong to a well-ordered city.

There is one man still living at the good old age of eighty-nine who, though unable to be here to-night, is with us in spirit. His finger marks are imprinted all over the great works which marked the laying out and building of the city. Into the stone work of the dam, from foundation to cap, into the large canal which conveys the mighty power of the river to the mills, into the laying out of its parks, and in many other works which now minister to our common comfort and happiness, Charles S. Storrow built himself ; and as his character was noble, solid and enduring, so are his works, which will last until generation after generation has passed away. The building and developing of the city were the culmination of his life work, and those who live within its borders now and hereafter owe him a deep debt of gratitude.

As the works which were to contribute to the material success and prosperity of this community were constructed in fidelity and with especial fitness, so the foundations of our educational system were laid in wisdom and strength,

that the children of the city should be thoroughly educated in all branches of learning, from the primaries up to the college gate.

In those early days, when in educational matters all was chaos, there came into the town three men who were deeply interested in all things which elevate and promote the highest social conditions of a people. Under the wise counsel of Horace Mann, the great apostle of education, they wrought, that Lawrence might have the best system and the best schools possible. That they builded wisely and well is shown in the many cultivated people who live, prosper and thrive in our midst, the products of our own schools; in the many men and women who from every grade of life have entered colleges with the highest honors, and have graduated therefrom into the learned professions, or into some of the great businesses which support and elevate a people. These men, whom we hold in grateful memory for their noble work in moulding and developing our educational, social and religious interests, have all three entered into their rest, — Henry F. Harrington, pastor of First Unitarian Church; George Packard, rector of Grace Episcopal Church; Henry K. Oliver, agent of the Atlantic cotton mills, and afterwards mayor of the city.

Memory is busy to-night; it haunts me with its visions of the past. I see the new town, with its body of selectmen who sit in wise council and administer its affairs with prudence, integrity and unselfishness. The town gives

birth to the city, and I see the best elements come together and elect Charles S. Storow its first mayor, with a council devoted to its highest and best interests. From these sources the stream of city life flows on, now and then electing high-minded, honorable men to offices of all grades, who administer its affairs with economy and upon the highest planes; but now and then the stream grows muddy and at times turbulent; selfishness creeps in, lust of power for purposes of self-aggrandizement; domination of a political party takes the place of government seeking the highest interests of its people, and thereby all classes, from the lowest to the highest, must suffer. The standard of morals is lowered, and the ties which bind all classes and conditions of society together are loosened. When these things happen decay has already begun in the individual and community, and if unchecked will extend to the whole body politic.

Friends, neighbors and fellow citizens, let us not despair of the city, but, standing on the threshold of another half-century, dedicate and consecrate ourselves anew to the high duties of the citizen.

The youth of the city are pressing forward to take their share of the offices of citizenship; they are not behind their fathers in their love of country or their capacity to govern. Let us hope that education, hand in hand with religion, shall sow the seeds of righteousness, honor and good-will in their hearts; that, bearing a noble fruitage, they with us may turn the stream into channels from





"HAYFIELDS," SUMMER HOME AT NORTH ANDOVER.





which its blessings shall flow to all classes and conditions alike. Let us return to those principles which animated the founders of our town and city, — principles which inspired the fathers and founders of the republic; the same principles, old yet ever new, which have come ringing down through nineteen centuries of time, and which shall flourish with immortal vigor when all men are but dust.

Not many years ago nearly our entire population was contained within the hills which surrounded it on three sides and lay north of the Merrimack River. Gradually the dwelling of the thriving citizen has climbed the hills, surmounted the summits, and is to-day fast descending on the farther sides, while on the south of the river it is stretching out towards the boundary lines of the city.

So let the city grow, thrive and prosper, and, with its material growth and progress, let virtue, integrity and all those elements which enter into a noble manhood and womanhood increase, until on the east we shall clasp hands with our younger sister the city of Haverhill, on the west our spindles shall sing together with those of our elder sister, the city of Lowell, and on the north and south there shall be no visible lines to mark our separation from Methuen and Andover.

## ADDRESS AT THE MEETING OF THE LAWRENCE HIGH SCHOOL ALUMNI ASSOCIATION, MARCH 2, 1898.

In the month of February, 1848, a young lad, I came with my father to the then called "New City" for the first time. The railroad from South Andover to Lawrence was not fully completed, and in getting here it was necessary to go over the original track directly from South to North Andover. The rails were already laid from North Andover to the south terminus of the railroad bridge over the Merrimack near the dam, which was not quite completed. The train was backed up from North Andover to the bridge and we were compelled to walk on a plank laid on the new bridge in order to get to the north side of the river, the highway bridge being then closed for repairs. But few streets had been laid out in the centre of the city, and upon them a small number of houses had been built and others were in course of erection. Outside the immediate centre of the place, including the common, were rolling sandy fields, with scarcely a house in all of them. Essex Street was a mass of mud, and a plank sidewalk was laid its whole length on the north side, from the Londonderry turnpike, now Broadway, to Union Street. On either side of Essex Street below Lawrence were high gravel banks, the street having been cut through to secure a level grade. Only two brick buildings were seen standing on Essex Street: one the Bay State Bank building at the corner

of Essex and Lawrence streets, containing a single store in its lower story ; the other the block called Merchants' Row at the corner of Amesbury Street, having six or eight stores. The general condition was one of chaos in all directions, with mills, houses, sewers and streets in course of construction. Not a mill had begun making cloth, the old Bay State, now the Washington, and the Atlantic being the only ones then projected and partly built.

The schools had not been systematized, and a few only were kept in the vestries of the several churches, without desks or any of the ordinary school apparatus. These vestries were low wooden buildings and occupied as churches, none of the large church buildings having at that time been erected. I first attended a private school kept by a Mr. Ward in a low wooden building situated on the spot where the Grace Episcopal Church now stands. At that time a two-story wooden school-house was being erected on the land where the Unitarian Church is now, and as soon as completed a grammar school was started there, with Mr. George A. Walton as principal, which I attended. During the winter of 1848-49 the first brick school-house was built, for high and grammar departments. This was two stories in height, and was a part of the south wing of the present Oliver grammar building. The entrance for the high school was in front, and it occupied at first the front part of the lower story, having two recitation rooms in the rear of the main school-room. The grammar department occupied the upper

story and the rear of the lower story, the entrance being where it has ever since been for that school. Gradually during the following years the room for the new high school was extended until it occupied all of the lower story, and so remained until the present high school building was completed. While occupying the original building the school was called the Oliver High School, in honor of Gen. H. K. Oliver, who had presented it with a valuable philosophical apparatus. The name Oliver was finally applied to all the schools in that building, and when the high department occupied the new building its name was changed to the Lawrence High School, much to the dislike of General Oliver, who preferred to have his name applied to the school to which he had given valuable apparatus and services besides.

On the morning of March 17, 1849, sixteen of us appeared in the new room, passed our entrance examination, and began at once as pupils of the first high school established in the new town of Lawrence. May 9, following, twenty-six pupils were admitted. Of the whole number (forty-two), only thirteen graduated three years afterward. Of the original sixteen who entered that March morning I find only five living to-day; and of the twenty-six who came in May I find but six of whose present existence I am sure.

Mr. T. W. T. Curtis was the first principal, and fortunately he instituted a plan for the perfect record of every scholar who entered the school, giving age, date of admis-

sion and dismissal, names of parents, together with remarks by the teacher on the standing of each in their studies, and their salient characteristics. This book, with the names of the pupils of the earlier years, is still preserved in the archives of the school. The plan of writing in the standing and character of each pupil was abandoned in 1854, and the record of names even in this book was given up in 1877.

There were three prominent citizens who took a great deal of interest in the formation and establishment of the whole system of schools, and, being on the committee of the town, were frequent visitors in our room: General Oliver, agent of the Atlantic Mills; Rev. Mr. Harrington, pastor of the Unitarian Church; and Dr. Packard, rector of Grace Episcopal Church. These men seemed to take great delight in being present during school exercises, and occasionally General Oliver or Mr. Harrington would take charge of recitations for half a day in the enforced absence, perhaps, of the principal. General Oliver's delight was to get some of the scholars in algebra at the blackboard, and put them through the intricacies of the binominal theorem; or entangling them in the mazes of some difficult example, to lead them out by paths they did not dream of. Nothing pleased him more than to catch some scholar in one of the involved theories of geometry or trigonometry, and then solve it or straighten it out, showing how simple it was if the principle were fully understood. Mr. Harrington was equally interest-

ing in English and Latin, and always enjoyed catching us tripping in our translation of a passage in Virgil or Cicero. If our rendering was absurd or funny, he not infrequently was reminded of other queer wrong translations, which he would give, much to our amusement. He was exceedingly interested in declamation, and was often present at those exercises, and occasionally gave stories of declamations or speeches fully illustrated by himself on the platform, which would set the whole school in a roar of laughter. Dr. Paekard was perhaps a trifle more stern than the others, and at times his remarks were sharp and incisive, but they never left a sting; and he always enjoyed with us the anecdotes, jokes and puns which General Oliver and Mr. Harrington were so often giving us. Our three years in this school were made cheerier, brighter and happier by the frequent presence of these men. At each visit our studies were invested with a new interest, our tasks made easier, and we gathered new inspiration for the work which was before us. I shall never forget how we all waked up with expectant delight when we saw them coming in. They have all three passed away now, and I never call them up in memory but my heart overflows with gratitude to them, not only for the many happy hours they gave me, but for the interest they awakened in me in general culture and education.

Mr. Curtis, the first principal, only remained about a year and a half. He was on the whole satisfactory to

us boys. Once in a while some of us would try some joke or game on him ; but I think most of us were sorry afterwards. His forte was building himself into the affection of his pupils, especially the girls, and of course if the girls liked him our boys had to keep shady.

He was succeeded by Mr. C. S. Pennell, who was of an entirely different mould, a thorough scholar and educator, but stiff and apparently cold and formal. We rebelled sometimes against his rules, and I have a recollection of several indignation meetings we held in the school-room after he had gone home. There was of course a good deal of forensic eloquence in the speeches of the boys, and more cheering by the girls ; but alas, we had to give in and cool down. Mr. Pennell was exceedingly politic, and knew how to take us. He never alluded to the indignation meetings, was always very courteous, and from him one would never know but all was going on smoothly and pleasantly. Thus he conquered, and at last the boys voted him all right. He must at times, however, have been sorely tried.

Some time towards the last of the year one of the scholars read a composition, in which was given an account of an old custom in some country of locking the teacher out on New Year's day. This composition, read by one of the girls, fell like a match on a fuse in the breasts of us boys. Just as soon as we could get together after school we quietly agreed that on next New Year's Day the old fellow should be locked out. Preparations



were made the day before by securing boards to serve as braces against the outer doors, and they were hidden in the cellar to be ready for use. Word was given out to every scholar to be sure to be on hand early, so that there should be no one outside except Mr. Pennell when the doors were locked. All went as we had calculated, and soon the principal was seen approaching; he came up and tried one door, looked a little surprised, and then tried the other. Inside we waited denouements, but he stood calmly meditating under his umbrella, for it was raining. He made no demonstration, but simply waited. After keeping him there some fifteen minutes in the rain, we relented, unbarred the doors, and all welcomed him with happy New Year's greeting. He came in smiling, returned the greeting, called the school to order as usual, and never mentioned the affair at all. We were disappointed, of course, for we had been looking for a hurricane.

We had a debating club, of course, which held its meetings once a week in the school-room. Those were gala nights for the boys. Although we discussed at times very important matters, settled great national questions and sometimes got on pretty high stilts of eloquence, still, I fear what we were all waiting for and enjoyed most were the fun exercises which came after the meeting. If it was stormy, we all went down into the basement, gathered round the furnace and told stories or anecdotes, or laid plans for some excursion or mischief to be carried out



at some future time ; if it was pleasant, we would rush out over the old stone wall, upon the common, and have a good rough and tumble time for an hour perhaps. I remember one night when we had gone onto the common and were having our fun, one of the boys shouted out : “ Say, boys, I’ll tell you what let’s do to-morrow morning. Let’s all wear our fathers’ tall silk hats to school, no matter whether they fit, or not.” This idea took, and we all agreed and shook hands on it. The next morning every boy, without an exception, wore his father’s tall hat to school, some of them so large as to bury the boy’s ears, and others as much too small. These hats were all hung in a row in the entry as we entered the school-room. Mr. Pennell had at this time a peculiar and somewhat ancient cloak which he wore to school and hung in a private closet inside the school-room. It so happened that the father of one of the boys had a cloak which might have been the prototype of the one Mr. Pennell had, and this morning this boy not only wore his father’s hat, but he also put on this old cloak. Just as Mr. Pennell called the school to order, the boy appeared at the door wearing the cloak, tall hat in hand. He crossed the school-room, walked up to the principal, and, saying that he did not wish to risk his nice cloak in the vestibule, asked for the privilege of hanging it beside his in the private closet. “ Certainly, certainly,” said Mr. Pennell, and so the boy marched across the room and hung his cloak and hat beside the principal’s, to the very great amuse-

ment of the school. This may not seem so funny now, after so many years, but then it was nuts to the scholars.

We had a singing teacher, George F. Willey, who afterwards removed to Lowell. Most of us liked singing, but a few of the boys wouldn't try. After a while the number who would not sing increased, and Mr. Curtis made a rule that every pupil must sing unless excused by Mr. Willey, and that he must not excuse them unless he had tried their voices. There were two of the boys, one of whom afterward became mayor of this city and the other a very eminent lawyer, who determined to have their voices tried. So Mr. Willey asked them to come to his office on Essex Street in the afternoon. It was said that the noises which came from that office that afternoon were beyond description. It is needless to say that the boys were never asked to sing from that day forward. One trial was enough.

In those days the religious revival was much more common and much more violent and exciting than now. During these seasons, which usually occurred in the winter, the excitement naturally extended to some of the members of the school. It was not uncommon at such times for the serious ones to have a little conference meeting in one of the recitation rooms at recess time, while the rest of the scholars would be dancing a quadrille to music from the piano in the large school-room.

In many respects the personnel and make-up of the high school in those early years were very different from

those of the high school of to-day. There were very few pupils who had lived within the limits of the new town more than a year. The people had come together from every quarter of New England and adjacent states, bringing with them the habits, customs and peculiarities of the old places; and that would be especially true of the boys and girls of the age and attainments fitting them for a high class of study. Diversity of custom, local peculiarities and variety of characteristic contributed much to the general interest of the school, and added to the variety of our sports.

In this respect our school resembled the country academy, which draws its scholars from different parts of the country. The high school of the present day differs much from the old one in this respect. Nearly all of the many scholars who enter now were born here and have come up through all the grades, under the same system and out of the same mould, and have similar manners, habits and customs, and with about the same amount of acquired education.

I ought not to let this opportunity pass without paying a tribute to both principals and committee, not only for their example but for their oft-repeated instructions in good manners and good morals, which are so essential and contribute in every class to both the welfare and refinement of society.

As I recall those glorious school days of nearly fifty years ago, I am forcibly reminded how few are left

to-night; of those sixteen who entered the first class on that March morning only six remain; but, whether here or beyond, they come trooping round me at memory's call, and I hear their gladsome voices, and look into their bright, laughing eyes.

"How many have gone?" was the question of old,  
Ere time our bright ring of its jewels bereft.  
Alas! for too often the death bell has tolled;  
And the question we ask is, "How many are left?"

How narrow the circle that holds us to-night;  
How many the loved ones that greet us no more;  
As we meet like the stragglers that come from the flight,  
Like the mariners flung from a wreck on the shore.

We look through the twilight for those we have lost;  
The stream rolls between us, and yet they seem near;  
Already outnumbered by those who have crossed,  
Our band is transplanted, its home is not here.

They smile on us still,—is it only a dream?  
While fondly or proudly their names we recall,  
They beckon, they come, they are crossing the stream;  
Lo! the shadows, the shadows! room, room for them all!

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ADDRESS IN ACCEPTING THE OFFICE OF PRESIDENT OF  
THE LAWRENCE BOARD OF TRADE, JAN. 11, 1899.

Gentlemen of the Board of Trade, I have accepted your election as president of the Lawrence Board of Trade with much reluctance, because, being fully aware of the

very effective work of my predecessors in office, and especially of the one who has immediately preceded me, I fear I shall find it difficult to tread in their footsteps, and keep up the interest in the association's work which is so much needed and desired.

The object of our association is so well stated in the constitution that I need not repeat it here. Suffice it to say that it includes the promotion of all the real, vital interests of our city, its progress in manufactures and its general public welfare.

I think I appreciate many of the difficulties under which the several committees have labored in endeavoring to induce new and substantial business enterprises to locate here during the past few years; for, while nearly every branch of trade has been depressed, the financial condition of our city, together with the questionable acts and general character of our government, has been sufficient to prevent manufacturers or tradesmen from locating among us. Every act of the government, or of its officers acting in official capacity, which is dishonest, or the character of which is questionable, not only injures the name and fame of our city abroad, but casts its shadow of injury on every inhabitant. On the other hand, a government administered with strict integrity, pure motives, and with the same fidelity and care which one gives to his personal affairs, will surely bring lasting credit, and minister to its highest welfare and prosperity, while it invites successfully new and prosperous enter-

prises within its borders. No city whose treasury is made a public crib, where successful politicians may thrive and fatten, will have a long career of prosperity, but will be shunned by all meritorious enterprises, and in time suffer decay.

I do not believe such a condition of affairs exists here, if at all, through the wishes of a majority of our citizens or voters, but rather that it is suffered because of an imperfect knowledge of the ability and integrity of the candidates nominated for the various offices. I have myself voted for men nominated by my own party whose acts while in office proved their entire unfitness, and betrayed a sad want of moral stamina. In a city like ours, having such a cosmopolitan population, there should be the greatest care exercised that only the names of such persons are placed on the tickets as are well and thoroughly known to be competent, efficient and honest. There is a too prevalent spirit among the people in our large cities to foist upon the voters candidates who favor private interests rather than those in the interest of public economy and welfare.

I, therefore, for these reasons, conceive it to be the bounden duty of every member of this Board of Trade, inasmuch as I believe they have a deep interest in the welfare of the city, to strive in every way possible, individually and with this association, to have nominated and elected to its offices men who will administer its affairs honestly and with the highest motives for the city's

welfare. To this end let us work, knowing that without a good administration of the public affairs we shall not succeed in our mission; and in this work I pledge you my best endeavors.

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ADDRESS AT THE SIXTY-SEVENTH MEETING OF THE NEW  
ENGLAND COTTON MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION,  
MONTREAL, P. Q., OCT. 5, 1899.

Prefacing the formal address, Mr. Clarke, as president, responded to the welcome of His Worship Mayor Prefontaine as follows:—

I very gladly respond to the warm welcome of His Worship the Mayor of Montreal, and say to him that we, the New England Cotton Manufacturers' Association of Massachusetts, bring to him this morning our choicest greetings and our thanks for his hearty welcome.

Although chartered in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, at a place where the science and art of reeling and spinning cotton were early established, we have no limits to our membership; and, having many from all parts of the states, we rejoice in having many throughout the Dominion of Canada, wherever the cotton interests are established.

The boundary, sir, between the United States and Canada is a line extending across the continent from east to west, and the same mutual interests exist in the cities and towns of both countries; firm business and indi-



vidual friendships also exist, and we behold the same characteristics for the establishment of manufactures throughout both countries. These factors make us, sir, neighbors and not strangers.

We are together marching along the pathway of human progress, and, while we admire and applaud the energy and the skill of your people, which contribute to your wealth and to your prosperity, we also have a deep interest and pride in that zeal which you show for the elevation of all classes in every condition of life.

His address to the association was as follows : —

Gentlemen, members of the New England Cotton Manufacturers' Association, occupying for the first time in our semi-annual meeting the office to which you elected me last April, I desire to express my grateful appreciation of the honor conferred and the confidence placed in me in selecting me to preside over your sessions during the thirty-fifth year of the association's existence.

A member of the organization from its first meeting in July, 1865, I well recollect its earlier meetings, held in a small room over the old Corner Book Store in Boston, and presided over by that broad-minded man and manufacturer, Ezekiel A. Straw of Manchester, N. H., at one time governor of the state. I was a young man then, having taken upon myself the care and direction of a cotton mill, and while I learned much from the papers read and the able discussions which followed, I drew



inspiration and encouragement which enabled me to solve many problems in my work. Since that time I have been a close observer of the proceedings of the association, and am therefore deeply sensible of the importance which attaches to its meetings, and of the extended influence it has exerted, and which it must continue to exert, in the promotion of knowledge affecting the interests and advancement of the cotton industry.

One cannot look through the records of our transactions without being convinced, not only of the magnitude and diversity of our work, of the knowledge and wide scope of investigation shown in the many papers read, of the thorough familiarity displayed in the topical questions discussed, but also of the great encouragement and stimulus its doings have given to improvement and perfection of method and machine in all branches of cotton manufacturing. There is not an avenue in the realms of science but may be explored with profit to the manufacturer; and, while he labors industriously in his application of the laws of mechanics, of the results of investigations in science and of the deductions from varied experience, he must also give his deep and earnest thoughts to the social, educational and moral welfare of his work people, that they too may have the upward impulse of improvement, and maintain their superiority to the machines they watch over and direct.

From the time when Pearl and Sawyer first reduced the size and weight and increased the speed and produc-

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tion of the spindle, up to the present, there has been a steady advance all along the line. All through the long list of operations, from the opening of the cotton up to the last touch given to the finished goods for the market, improvements have been made in machinery and in treatment which have diminished the cost and enhanced the quality and value of the goods. While yesterday the ring spindle seemed to have attained the highest perfection in the art of spinning cotton yarn, to-day we hear rumors of still greater improvements, which, if materialized, will again revolutionize the spinning room. The manufacturer himself, or the manager at the mills, the supervisor of a department, the operative who tends the machine as well as the inventor from the outside, are all keenly alive to the possibilities and desirabilities in the great field of machinery improvement, and each and all are striving towards better results in every process. Constant progress has been the watchword of the last quarter of a century, and will lead in the next, so near at hand. Mr. Draper puts the Northrop loom, the latest production of his model shop, into your mill to-day, and starts it with amazing success; but while this pattern, the product of many years of hard work by the inventor, with the added talents of many mechanics, has been in course of construction, a new and better way has been devised to accomplish desired results or to overcome some slight defect obvious in your lot of looms; and you are told that in the next lot of looms built these defects will be

remedied, and too late you regret that you had not waited before giving your order.

The difficulty, however, is inevitable. Evolution is constant in everything to which the mind devotes itself earnestly, honestly and persistently; and each lot of looms turned out will naturally be superior in some respect to that which preceded it.

Daniel Webster told the young lawyer who said there was no room in the legal profession for a young man that there was always room at the top. And, while that is true, it is also true that there *is* no *abiding* top.

The inventor who produced the intricate machine which revolutionized one of the great industries of the world, when he had finished it felt he had accomplished his purpose and attained perfection; but as he saw it working he discovered imperfection after imperfection, and the light faded from his eyes ere he could remodel his wonderful invention.

The quantity and quality of the fabrics produced have to-day reached their highest point in the history of the world, but the limit is not yet attained. The dawn of a new era in civilization is penetrating the superstition, ignorance and barbarism of some of the older nations, and awakening them to a consciousness of a better condition of life. New ideas, new habits and new customs will follow; and, as intelligence combined with industry multiplies the natural products of their soil and promotes intercourse with other nations, the

use of cotton fabrics will grow, and create large demands in the producing districts of the world.

We hold to-day our first meeting outside the limits of the United States. We bring our warm greetings to the people of this beautiful city and of the Dominion of Canada, whose realms are subject to the flag of Great Britain; and we would pay our tribute of respect and honor to Her Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria, whose pure life, devotion and loyalty to the social, moral and material interests of her subjects have enshrined her in their hearts and made her the model queen of history. The wise, prudent and comprehensive policy of her merchants and manufacturers has made her people foremost in the manufacturing industries, and built up the largest trade in cotton fabrics of any nation in the world. We have unbounded admiration for the energy, industry and sagacity which have accomplished such wide and far-reaching results; and, while we profit by their example, we mark out our own course, and, governed by similar characteristics, we will continue to supply to a large extent our home markets, and open for ourselves new paths into the trade of the world.

Gentlemen, we come now to the legitimate business of the sixty-seventh meeting of the association. The papers to be read treat of a wide range of subjects, and will doubtless provoke much discussion, add to our knowledge and incite us to further investigation. The topical questions will engage your earnest attention,

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bring out the results of your experience and add to the general interest. Throughout the entire meeting I hope there will be no hesitancy, but that with your accustomed zeal you will take part in the proceedings, and make our visit profitable and entertaining, and add much to our records, which are already of inestimable value to the seeker for information concerning the science and practice of cotton manufacture.

## Funeral Services.

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The funeral, in charge of Hon. Andrew C. Stone, was held at Mr. Clarke's late residence on East Haverhill Street, Thursday afternoon, Nov. 9, 1899, and was conducted by Rev. George H. Young, minister of the Unitarian Church. The service was of a simple character, consisting of appropriate passages of scripture, prayer, poetical selections, the Lord's prayer impressively recited by all present, and the reading of the following hymn, which, by request, was sung by the choir at the memorial service at the church the next Sunday morning, to the music of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,  
Thy better portion trace;  
Rise, from transitory things,  
Toward heaven, thy native place.  
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,  
Time shall soon this earth remove;  
Rise, my soul, and haste away  
To seats prepared above.

Rivers to the ocean run,  
Nor stay in all their course;  
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun,  
Both speed them to their source;

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So a soul that's born of God,  
Pants to view His glorious face,  
Upward tends to His abode,  
To rest in His embrace.

A very distinguished company, including large delegations from the various organizations with which the dearly loved friend had been connected, gathered to pay a last tribute of respect. Among those present were the following:—

Hon. J. H. Eaton, mayor of Lawrence, and members of the city government; Arthur D. Marble, city engineer; F. H. Hedge, librarian; Jas. D. Horne, master of the high school.

Lawrence Park Commission: Major Geo. S. Merrill, C. A. McCarthy, Richard A. Hale.

Lawrence Board of Trade: J. C. Crombie, ex-president; Geo. H. Hadley, vice-president; William Foster, vice-president; Walter E. Parker, B. E. Donigan, Dr. M. F. Sullivan, Hon. John Breen.

Monday Night Club: Rev. Augustine H. Amory, Hon. Charles U. Bell, Dr. Charles G. Carleton, George E. Chickering, Harry R. Dow, George L. Selden, Dr. James H. Kidder, Col. John P. Sweeney, Frank L. Porter, Rev. William E. Wolcott, Rev. Frederick H. Page, Wilbur E. Rowell, C. J. Russell Humphreys.

Home Club: Hon. Byron Truell, president; William T. Kimball, secretary; with members attending in a body.

Bay State National Bank: Joseph Shattuck, president; Samuel White, vice-president; Geo. W. Hills, J. H. Stone, John L. Brewster, E. N. Winslow, R. J. Macartney, directors; Justin E. Varney, cashier.

Pemberton Company: L. E. Barnes, agent; Miss Emma L. Gleason, cashier.

Everett Mills: Jas. I. Milliken, agent; Wm. D. Twiss, superintendent.

Pacific Mills: F. H. Silsbee, superintendent.

Lawrence Savings Bank: Hon. R. H. Tewksbury, vice-president; Hon. H. G. Herrick, vice-president; Hon. John A. Wiley, Hon. A. E. Mack, Hon. W. T. McAlpine, Dr. O. T. Howe, John R. Poor, L. G. Holt, trustees; W. W. Spalding, treasurer.

Lawrence City Mission: G. E. Hood, Rev. Clark Carter.

Lowell Textile School: Hon. Jeremiah Crowley, mayor of Lowell; J. L. Chalifoux, Eugene S. Hylan.

Colley & Co., bankers, Boston: Henry W. Colley, S. M. Sayford, Andrew Case.

Massachusetts State Board of Trade: W. R. Chester, E. D. Lacounte.

The Nevins Company, Boston: Hon. Moses T. Stevens, president; John T. Trull, vice-president; Samuel A. Clough.

New England Cotton Manufacturers' Association: A. G. Cumnock, ex-president; C. J. H. Woodbury, secre-



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tary; Geo. W. Weeks, Wm. F. Sherman, Col. J. Payson Bradley.

Boston & Maine Railroad: T. A. Mackinnon, first vice-president; D. W. Sanborn, general superintendent.

Boston & Lowell Railroad: Wm. Powell Mason, Francis L. Higginson, Charles E. Cotting, Walter C. Baylies, directors; Charles E. A. Bartlett, treasurer.

Col. Harrison Hume, Boston; Samuel Williams, Brookline; Nathaniel Stevens, Samuel D. Stevens, Henry M. Whitney, William A. Hall, Jr., Joseph Battles, John H. Sutton, Geo. E. Kunhardt, North Andover; G. E. Foss, Methuen; Hon. Geo. A. Walton, West Newton; Horace A. Clarke, Newton; Henry S. Robinson, Chas. E. F. Clarke, Andover; Thomas Walsh, Lowell; Hon. Emery Grover, Needham.













